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- 4 Interview
- 16 Letters
- 19 Preview
- 20 Canadian News
- 63 People
- 64 Business
- 68 Sports Column
- 69 Press
- 70 Justice
- 72 Books
- 76 Films
- 78 Show Business
- 80 Music
- 82 Culture
- 84 Fotheringham



**The Referendum Debates** Ten years ago writes Harry Boyle, Canada experienced a sense of itself and the world's sense of Canada. We decided not to part at, and we're prouder than ever. **Page 12**



**Bloody Help** Wholesale retortment, kidnappings and migrant deaths have become less anomalies than a way of life. Angela Ferreira reports on her harrowing on the eve of re-election. **Page 28**



**The next Canadian formula** Formula 1 is also raising the question of larger, more new to Canada. But a homegrown star is Gilles Villeneuve isn't just "good for a Canadian," either. Just good. **Page 32**



**All In The Game** Television in the House will change the nature of debate and certainly the long-held perceptions of many politicians. Joe Clark, for instance, may not become a star. **Page 18**



**The Rocky Mountaineer** His Honour Toonie golf made it a box office dynamo. Then released in theatres across North America, cross-national and much intended, pan Harry Raskin at the top of his game. **Page 44**



**The Great...well, pretty good—American novel** Six years in the pastel heat of the three latest offerings, from Philip Roth, Peter De Vries and John Gregory Dunne, Harry enjoy! **Page 72**



# Interview

With newsman and author Edwin Newman

To Edwin Newman, nothing so much epitomizes the decline in standards of spoken English as the ever more parsimonious effort to "know" and "improve." It distresses him that so many people do not have the resources with which to express themselves," and improving the way the language is spoken is Newman's crusade. The 68-year-old New York City native is news commentator on KBS, the author of two widely used books on English usage, *Sterling Speaking* and *A Civil Tongue*, and a consultant drawn as a speaker-trainer. Writer David Woods interviewed Newman for Maclean's at his arms-lengthed office in Rockefeller Center, NBC's New York headquarters.

**Newman:** The subtitle of your first book, *Sterling Speaking*, was Will Americans Be The Death Of English? Do you think it will?

**Newman:** I don't think we'll be the death of English. I think English will live as long as it gives its living word. That was perhaps a bit of poetic license, perhaps I should say poetic license. What I think is happening to the language in this country and, so to speak, that I know about those things, in Canada and especially in Britain, is that it is being made a business language, a pompous language, a patay language. All the flavor and the color is being taken from the language. The words and the colors are being taken away—especially in other social sciences, lawyers, physician, government people and, for that matter, journalists because there's an enormous pressure on the part of journalists to use the most pompous language that they have.

**Newman:** Why do people want an using expressions these days like "labor force participation" when they mean work, or "real learning faculty" when they mean schools? It is self-explanatory?

**Newman:** It is certainly self-explanatory and it is an attempt to suggest that what they are doing is somehow technical in the sense that it requires special training. Now if you can make people believe that what you're doing is somehow beyond their ability to understand, suddenly it going to change what you're doing and you'll go on getting away with it much easier. You have people who do not want to say that they are a god because they've got some term that goes with naming a god. It's easier to me that this is quite wrong. This is a serious matter. There's nothing dishonest or untrue about naming a god if you run the god well and if it's a reasonably human place doing a job. I have heard far more

instances of gross ignorance at least one century ago than I can imagine ever again. And I don't think wrong with being a grossidger doesn't happen to be one and I know that I make more money than grossidgers do but I think that we ought to

grant everybody seems to want to use them, including people for whom they are quite inappropriate. People use them because they are not capable of expressing themselves. So you get a phrase like "just for openers" and "what have you done for me lately?" and that kind of thing when people ought to be able to formulate their own ideas and give voice to them. It starts—and maybe this is a lot of circular reasoning—but it starts with the idea that language doesn't matter and that's an idea that has unfortunately caught on. It's caught on for a number of reasons, one is the popularity of the new view of language. (Although McCawley's view of language is frequently mentioned and occasionally argued as well and he can be very funny.) There are many people who believe that you don't have to communicate with language anymore. You can use pictures. You can use music. You can use demonstrations. You are obviously in my view that is a mistake. Language is the most expressive and subtle instrument of communication that exists and no doubt ever has existed. Then you have what one way calls "the losing of the language with genius" which began, I think, with several scientists who are trying to show that they are doing something scientific and somehow comparable to what is being done in the physical sciences, and language to me means that they are losing, however, something beyond the grasp of ordinary people without special training.

**Newman:** But don't you think that the mathematician who talks about "dimensional analysis" is employing it hyper-metaphorically in the language?

**Newman:** No, I think the weather forecaster who talks about shower activity is trying to do what I've already referred to—he's trying to make what he does sound technical. He doesn't want to say showers or rain; he says shower activity. It sounds better to him ...

**Newman:** Are you referring among the chief villains in the attack on language? Or are they just the organizations of pages, more people, more quote writing, ad copy, quote results?

**Newman:** I think it's the second organization. That word "paramount" for example. Paramount as far as I know comes from space talk. And these are fields in which "paramount" is an entirely proper word or entirely appropriate word. In architecture, mathematics, and many other fields paramount can fairly be used and no doubt it can be used in space technology and science. But what happened was that



I think in general  
that Canadians are  
kinder to English  
than Americans are

demanded that it's a necessary job. It is unfortunate that people think that they have to dress up the names of their jobs.

**Newman:** There are all kinds of people who actually do not have the resources with which to express themselves. That is why they're continually saying "position" and "issues." It is also why certain phrases have been picked up so widely and have become fed phrases, especially phrases based on television. In entertainment pro-

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journalism picked it up and assumed it was from that point it became extremely popular and it spread into economics. It spread into all or any number of the social sciences and it is a word that is most easily used in people who want to be propagandists. They love it without knowing what it means immediately, 99% of them. And it's a difficult word to understand. It's a difficult concept which incidentally is another word much disliked. Propagandists roll off the tongue.

**MacLean:** In 1978 do you appear this sort of jargon is potentially frequent among the social sciences?

**Newman:** Well I think, to follow through on what I was saying before, the less substance there is in what is being proposed and what is being put forward and the argument that is being made, the more it will be swapped, the more it will be packed in terms of some kind. It will be swapped. And in the social sciences that goes further than in any other field. Let's take the description of research and issues as established more or less elsewhere. You can take the description of a job, a part-time job for a student, as an on-site theoretical experience. For them to use a term like job, part-time job, world seems beneath their dignity. It does not comport with a doctoral degree.

**MacLean:** And the military are not very for behind.

**Newman:** What you say is true. The military are not far behind, and businessmen are not far behind. But they are behind because they are imitating what they hear—from people in the field of education is particular. For example I wasn't at all a doctoral thesis in Chicago—and this was the rule. A Descriptive Explanatory Analysis Of Some Issues And Criteria To Refer to In Measurement With Possible Applications To A Diagnostic Perspective System For Developing Measurement Competency For Prospective Teachers.

**MacLean:** That's about a thesis study? Newman: I would like to hear no more. My thesis was on the role of adult education in the United States. I did about three years of research in the U.S. I was doing my research in rural areas. I was doing my research in rural areas. And you've written about them calling for "input from the patient's own value system" where they don't do the patient's work or assume or not. Are they doing our thinking or doing our decision-making relationship?

**Newman:** I think that there are times when a certain arrogance or an bigotry of speech is maybe kind and that is something that any physician would have to judge for himself. But I think in general that isn't the problem. The problem is the desire to sugar coat important and also develop your own program so that other people don't know what you're talking about.

**MacLean:** Let's talk the word over people first.

**Newman:** Yes. That's the purpose of my jargon. Somebody said me an example of a Johns Hopkins psychologist who spoke of somebody who had been "hyp-

notized and reconditioned." Now why not? I removed the notion of suggestion? But the word "hypnot" is extremely popular. I've just been sent one about a food systems manager in a company in the Middle West. A registered dietitian demonstrated how to administer frozen pizzas in a microwave oven. That is hypnotic.

**MacLean:** Without even a Supreme Court decision spreading at a medical meeting, and that has almost obliterated Greek or much the same way as we have been abandoning Latin. So you think yourself this was well before the saying for example "brainwashing" instead of hypnosis?

**Newman:** I think that they would be well



Almost nobody in the United States wants to be seen to be stopping to think.

advised to give up that language. It is used as a fence to keep people outside and respectful. And as I've also said it makes it too tough struggle for the people who are made to fit out what's going on inside. But I don't think that physicians ought to be singled out in this respect. They're not the only people who use language this way. But I think they could help us all to understand much more of what is going on. Now there is a larger question here, and that is how for physicians in general want to be considered avatars, judged, respected, esteemed by people who are not in the profession. And that has to do not

only with language but with the main articulation of control of the field more.

**MacLean:** You know that another aspect of physician "language" and that is also quite popular, the majority of us, is adopt the jargon of medicine.

**Newman:** I'm sorry that's true. I also suspect that anybody who uses the word "hypnotized" applied to anyone he knows will very likely say, "Yes, you go around being happy because you've been told that some member of your family had hypertension." You've going to find out what it is. You don't go around saying, "Well it's really hypertension," it isn't as though he hasn't been hypnotized. I suppose that if you're going to learn it then you want it to be a tiny glorification, shall we say.

**MacLean:** Let's get more from physicians for a moment and see to this point. You've pointed out to a Canadian that the English have, in the American, done away from "functional" anything, targets, and feature complete. Do you notice English do not emphasize to the death of English or do you feel that the English are still the controllers of our culture?

**Newman:** No. I think the British are doing what they can to root British English. They're trying to adapt whatever Americans use in the way of English. They know the catchphrases. They don't have the resistance to do it to it so that they do, but they love it nonetheless. The idea of the family as a hierarchical order of superior rule expectations comes from British sociologists. One reason they do it of course, because the social sciences are extremely popular there; another reason they do it is they adopt American political methods to whatever extent their finances permit them.

**MacLean:** Could we say it is a political cause? Even in the repression "flame is abugay" is often heard as if one could be soothed by it. But in an English context, do you yourself notice any difference in the way Canadian handle our language?

**Newman:** Yes. In the sense, some differences. I think that Canadians are closer to English than Americans are. I think that maybe there is some desire on the part of many Canadians to resist American influence. Now it's a very difficult influence to resist obviously given the size of the United States population and economy and the use of the Canadian population and economy. But there are Canadians who want to turn out to be Canadians and not some kind of Americans—yes. I suppose it's true to name the French Canadians. But what do you call the others? You do call them British Canadian. You call them Canadian.

**MacLean:** Telephones and phones play an important role in this.

**Newman:** Yes. That's the purpose of my jargon. Somebody said me an example of a Johns Hopkins psychologist who spoke of somebody who had been "hyp-

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man grace, a certain dignity, a certain formality, maybe that's a better way to put it, but it's wilfully formality I think. They're not using so many of the bad phrases as we are. And I think you probably have not had the chance of occasion that we have had.

**MacLean's:** Do you think that also has something to do with numbers, where one makes one's point and gets out of your dilemma a dilettante rather than a直言不讳 [modest] one?

**Newman:** I believe that Watergate had a



### Watergate and Vietnam demonstrated how language could be used to distort facts

great effect in this connection as I believe Vietnam did. I believe that people were able to see how language could be used to distort facts.

**MacLean's:** This is a personal question. What got you interested in language?

**Newman:** Obviously language is something that I've been interested in for a very long time. But there were two or two things that happened to me as a correspondent that helped to lead me into this. One was that I found myself using inflated language which gave my story qualities that I feel I did not have. We'll talk about President Johnson's Great Society program. That's a form of shorthand, of course. Everybody understands that. But if you use it and go on using it you make people believe that there's some substance in it. I felt the same way about President Kennedy's much ad-

vocated Grand Design, a partnership between Western Europe and the United States and Canada. We would use the term Grand Design as though there was one when there wasn't. And I was being guilty of those things. I would talk, when I was a Paris correspondent, about something called the multilateral nuclear force which was a naval force that was to have nuclear weapons and was to come under joint command of all the NATO countries or many of them. And I used to do broadcasts about that day after day, and one morning I wake up and said I'm not going to do any more broadcasting about it. There's nothing in it. And the language had a great deal to do with it.

**MacLean's:** Do you think there is any danger that the production could swing the other way and we could have a moratorium on our language?

**Newman:** No. I have no fear about that, at any rate in the United States, because there's much too many other speakers of English in that country. I mean if that happened it might not be a reversal of that great American tradition which I call—the mainstream. The mainstream probably wouldn't when you've got this sort of thing going or some part of it going. We haven't had it much lately.

**MacLean's:** They have been too cleaned up.

**Newman:** I would like people to understand that there is a tremendous amount of fun to be had from language.

**MacLean's:** Even the swearing that might like language we forgive. "In clude me out."

**Newman:** A marvelous phrase.

**MacLean's:** You and that we have no profession more valuable than language. How can we ensure that we hang on to that profession and respect it the way we ought to?

**Newman:** I certainly don't think that we ought to have an Academy. We don't need anybody handing down edicts that nobody is going to obey in any case. I think the best thing to do is to govern yourself by association with people who care about the quality that you can impose those standards on other people. Beyond that I think it's possible to wage a kind of guerrilla warfare and in this I think the professional writer must be ridiculous. I think that when people are confronted with non-academic language they ought, if they feel safe in doing so, to say so. And if they reverse common assumptions from corporations and universities that they find unacceptable, they ought to send them back and say why does this mean? But the first thing, as I say, is to impose acceptable standards on yourself. And I think that you will then find that you have more influence than you expected. I also believe that there is at the moment a greater awareness of the necessity of preserving the English language than there has ever been before. I find more articles about it, more books about it, more editorials about it. I'm encouraged.

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# This country showed such promise once...oh where did it all go?

Column by Harry Boyle

How much longer can we afford the optimism of a majority of Canadians? While the obvious evolution about Quebec's status preoccupying top political discussions and economic disputes dossier, I also sense a deeper frustration. There's an increasingly conceivable lack of national goals and the spelling out of where Canada stands in the world as a nation.

We are beginning to appear unusual to visitors. We act as if we are the only country in the world with domestic problems. Every country from America to Belgium to Britain to Ethiopia to China ... all have domestic problems. They still function reasonably. Even China has had to move out of its centrist isolation.

In Canada we are drowning in a sea of words. It specifies were didn't we want to do. Committees and forums are created voluntarily and almost professedly as occupying the empty time with everything from corporate resolutions to bumper stickers and T-shirts. The preservation of a workable democratic system is next but we never forget that we also have to forever in the world as a nation.

The tragedy is that we had a chance in 1967. During the Centennial and Expo we learned to stop whining European shadowed and to avoid being whistled at by Americans "know-how." We created a memorable event with a concern for the future in place of the usual carefree party. We needed hard leadership in nation, and we knew it. Attempts at blunting our national consciousness in Canada were dashed as "nationalists" or as "anti-American." Americans were assured that such actions were aberrations. Participants were create. Messages of deepest disavowances of Nazi Germany were used to discredit suggestions that in a people we had made attain something unique. We had built natural transportation and communications devices for our own needs. We had saluted social legislation in our Canada. We had topped it with a memorable cultural event.

It was a wonderful day. We breath at business as usual. We tried to legitimate French and English relations. No one

dares to use our communications with major to link French and English culture in a Canadian pluralism. It was as if those pleasant days of the St. Lawrence had never existed. Politicians have turned an ocean of power grid and expertise. That was the time when we should have had our message as an untarnished and creative country. That was the time to fight.



**Boyle Remembrance of good times past**

Quebec ignored the ethnic formations of Indigenous and Acadian Indians and developed a consciousness of its own. Many Quebecers didn't particularly care about rights of the Acadians. Many Indians were not even aware they had any acultural flavor. A majority in and an independent government which they saw as a right of political behavior. They were willing to take a gamble on the PQ's separatist estimate because they wanted to be rid of what they saw as the inherent political form of abuse of the party in power. That election indicated paralysis in the unusual political scenario. It has progressed to the point where it appears as though Canada can be liked or an even looser entity. While he offers and now an below deck telling the passengers, not about a managerial course but about their decisions to leave tomorrow.

Alas, I find myself presented about whom I am writing. We were known as a country with a future and a concern for human dignity. Now foreigners ask questions of us we're one of the underdeveloped nations squabbling over geopolitical political and tribal divisions. How do you explain that we are now preoccupied by a proposed referendum in Quebec?

I think we should be considering all Canarians on our site as a nation. Should we keep on thinking of our grain and commodities as sides in an international jamboree of national and regional, or as friends for the Third World? Can we develop a harmonious way of sharing our space and resources without the benefit of the benefits? Shouldn't we measure how we succeeded in building such splendid communications and transportation links and yet failed to do them peacefully in the cause of common understanding?

I believe that such developments would vanish if we had a national goal. Elements now talked of separation might well find room in an acultural country. How about a referendum on where Canada should be going? It would be useful to raise those insipidive have forgotten how to save our

Harry J. Boyle, a renowned author, journalist and broadcaster, is a frequent observer of the Canadian Broadcast Television and Telecommunications Conference.

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# Letters

## An act of negligence—or something worse

The medium voice of Barbara Amiel's profile of Charles Templeton (*An Act Of Treason*, October 3) is not that it contains numerous inaccuracies, but that it is a



Templeton:  
totally unconvincing?

gross misrepresentation of Templeton's career and motivations, but that it is a safe, safe, superficial profile of the man I have been fortunate to know. Charles Templeton for several years and I would have had great difficulty recognizing him from Amiel's profile. I wondered if the shoulder's have included himself in the group of "would-be doers or would-thinkers in whose opinions Charles Templeton's success rankles." The fact is that she has failed to recognize how complex and sensitive man. So much for rapid journalism.

ANNA PORTER EDITOR IN CHIEF  
MCLELLAND AND STEWART TORONTO

This article on Charles Templeton by Barbara Amiel was an outstanding piece of writing. I appreciated a concise and perceptive impression of this most complex and intriguing personality. Templeton is a rare and remarkable man. Amiel in a few words, revealed the distinctiveness, and that, to me, is what great journalism is all about.

ANDREW L. MCALPIN, MD  
TORONTO

### There are worse ways to go

In *One For The End Of The Road* (September 18) you associate alcoholism with the elderly and mention 75-year-old Neville Barker as drinking 13 ounces of rice whisky. Lonely old people often turn to the comfort of a "tipple" for company and loneliness, finding in public and political life a love figure in pub and political culture. Please consider a review of *From Peat To Chalice* (London), a superbly informed and well-walked by Gordon Stander. How much do you drink daily when you were at 18? The old man admitted to drinking a 26-ounce bottle a day. Stander quickly rejoined, "That's not much." Hearing that Barker's "monkey-a-day" looks like a simple solution is a solace to everyone old age.

AGNES LORI C. B. COOPER  
VICTORIA

I'm 77 years old and I've never needed an alcohol drink or a tranquilizer in my life. But I want to strike a blow for the many old people who are not so fortunate. I feel that the author of *One For The End Of The Road* didn't know much about aging. In fact the only one in the article who knew what he was talking about was Neville

Barker who said, "It's no goddamn picnic being old."

I was teaching school at 65, so I do not consider anyone older than age 70 really old. But now I can tell you that the Polytechnics approach by do-gooders, including doctors, does very little for old people. They aren't around for much of the deadly boredom, inactivity and, worst of all, sleeplessness. These prematurely well-meaning persons advocate throwing away most of the aids that help these conditions—even though they have no personal experience with being old. Common sense should tell them that the only possible solution is the kindly administration of drugs, including alcohol. The word I can wish for the author and Doctor Condon and Morten is that they live to be 99. Every year I would ask St Peatre to bring back half a work or two more worth their painful dragon chaser. That would be heaven for us.

MARIE M. NORTH BURNABY

### If straightsex can take it, why not gay?

My only difference of opinion with Sandra Martin's television critique *How You Can Be A Wayland Girl* (October 1) lies in the new sitcom *Sophs*. Cranston's not a half-asshole, but neither is it "sexy and sticky," as Mama's claim. It is encouraging to laugh at homophobia and ignorance, but rather to欣赏 our stuffy attitudes and confront so-called forbidden subjects. If we can laugh at homophobia, perhaps we can stop being so ridiculous serious about it and begin to view it rationally. Heterosexual sex has been the expression of so many jokes and gags and sitcoms so why not homosexual sex?

D. N. POLKORCHAK TORONTO

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3. The next 2 digits in the bottom row of the date grid is the day.

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See your doctor.  
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#### On Her Majesty's Service

Thank you for the Queen's Silver Jubilee article by David Cobb (October 3). I'm afraid that's one error in reference to the Monarchist League of Canada. As a breeding member I must point out there was not a Canadian founder as such; John Amery was appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The importance of this is that he is a Canadian who did not support the League. Rather, the London Office in England promoted the idea and they are the real founders. The League today is a useless political group which no longer knows the role it was founded to fulfill. It is regrettable that it became a wing of one of the federal political parties and lost its independence.

ALAN R. LAROCHEILLE, MUSKOKA, ONT

Thank you for a much needed write-up about our Queen. I would, with your publishing the foolish Peterborough constituents, whether you had vagueness to defend her. One thing you might have mentioned, in this year of reparation, is that our Queen does represent a nation. Our head of state, though not bilingual with Norman ancestry, presents a salaried whose roots come from the same place the original Quebecois came from.

HARRY C. BAILEY, TORONTO

I think that the wild statements in Stephen Coller's letter on the Queen (September 3) should not go uncorrected. No wonder we have trouble over treaty 9. The Canadians of all ethnic backgrounds show a little respect in terms of Canadian history. Canada was founded by Britain but by the French and for 150 years after arrival of English was forced. English Canada was primarily settled by English, Canada, not the British. They called themselves Americans. Loyalists and they were just as Americans as those that remained behind. Many of them were German and settled in such places as Kitchener, Markham and Pangaea Village, Toronto. Others were Scots who settled in Cape Breton. Only when the country was already open did the English come.

The British monarchy is the apex of a pyramid of privilege developed in England, like the keystone of an arch. Americans can adjust ours easily with a pyramidal impossible and a monarchy is indeed an anachronism here. With but a third of Canadians of British stock, the monarchy is a relic for division, not for unity.

C. B. WHITMAN, WEDDING, ONT

**Maturity should be made of mature stuff**  
I fed some of your recent newsletters to The Reference Database. It's a little hard to take. Four of all Quebec's writers to withdraw from Confederation, there's not a damn thing the rest of Canada can do about it. The P.Q.A.C. like every other association of the human mind, is subject to repeal, amendment, or even outright disassociation. The fact that Queen Victoria signed it does not make it a lawnmower set



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which he writes, and whether Powell appears or not his postscript is accurate. At the same time, Powell would have done well to have read the other books in the same series. She would then have realized quickly that it is a series, the reader is expected to gain the unfolding of George Steiner's polemics against a broad pound of the world as it is—not as Powell would like it to be. In this, Le Carré follows a very definite pattern: *It Was All in Anthony Bergman*; *Malignant Intent*, it was done by Priest and by Shakespeare; *What Le Carré has done is to take the spy story and turn it into *Legitimacy Station*. Fearing to read the last sentence of that page he is*

is likely to be more complicated than this.

MICHAEL FORTIER, EDITOR, CHATTERLEY,  
TORONTO

### The field-in-field ansatz

The members of the writers of *Born-To-Ride-Mell Inc.* (August 22) immediately apparent by their phraseology in describing blues as "ponks," and by referring to motorcycle clubs as "gangs." To illustrate the distinction, there is no such thing as the Senor's Choice motorcycle gang; it is the Senor's Choice Motorcycle Club. In any club, members constitute a fraternal brotherhood of like-minded and like-spirited

## **Unidentical Twins**

**Which 'twin' offers the best buy?  
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**ENTRIES** will open at **10:00 a.m.** Saturday, June 10, 1961, at the **Sixty of the Rock Hotel** with **two** entries per room. **Tough steel** double suspended **gates**, plain **decorative** types of iron **post** mounted **on** **concrete** **pillars** **into** **solid** **bedrock**. **Brackets** **are** **welded** **to** **bedrock** **and** **strength** **without** **nails**. **Weight** **hanging** **from** **pillars** **is** **minimum**. **BRASS** **plated** **hardware** **is** **used** **on** **all** **gates**. **Reinforced** **concrete** **pillars**. **Cover** **on** **pillars** **used** **on** **concrete** **pillars**. **Protective** **brush** **and** **grass**. **Establishment** **located** **on** **main** **street**. **Width** **of** **gate** **is** **10** **feet**. **Height** **is** **8** **feet**. **Alma** **Blue**, **Pantone**, **Pantone**, **Cathleen**

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individuals who gather together to socialise and eat their biscuits, to share a spirit of camaraderie, enjoy good times, and make friends with the wind in their faces. They do not talk of upon themselves as terrorist old ladies, rare young women or harass the public. All through the years, the only thing that club members have asked of society is that they be left alone, and for us to end the discrimination and harassment they suffer. City, provincial and territorial governments have tended to respond by eliminating unnecessary clubhouse insurance. They have misinterpreted bikers in the eye of the public as social misfits, have ostracised the clubs, despised them, beaten them, and now the leaders.

The article served no purpose other than to disrupt neighborhood and unify the characters of neighbors and officials. In my opinion that John Salazar and John Kenney allowed themselves to be used as puppets in starting the police campaign of discrediting Black and reformist projects. In a way, I can understand what's going on. By focusing on the bikers, officials are able to produce a consistent appearance. Biker project a high visibility profile and as long as law enforcement goes after them in there, the public is satisfied and deceived into believing that war is being waged against organized crime.

**Toward a post-Vatican society**  
would like to comment on a couple of points in *A Loss Of Faith* (September 3). The Humanist Vista article is only one example of the Church considering her own theology. As a theologian and a priest I speak circa 15 years trying to reconcile the contradiction in the Church's teaching concerning religious freedom and her practice through dogma, law and authority (everybody). There is no end to it when the theologians—the Fathers, Augustine, Aquinas through Newman—asked the question, how is a religious community to be organized?

by my name, the Church of England agreed to have its Bishops be laymen, because of their concern for money, prestige and power, more upon themselves than God, and speaking in name as though he were outside of his own creation. At base, the mandarins resolved that to retain power and control soul must stay over creation. How? Through custom, law, dogma and authority always give its service to the priesthood; for example, religious freedom is a natural right, prize and property the great theodocians who talk about such things and do so much power and less property. Keep the soul of the world by the balance of ignorance and faith when blatant hypocrisy becomes evident. Science in her role as teacher, dogmatist and Inquisitor has lost faith in the simplicity and common sense of Sacred Scripture, theologians and Christians have followed their own conviction since religious nature naturally



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**THE GAYNOR STONE BEADS** DATING 3000 B.C.  
From The pure cane spirit of the Islands. Fr. \$2.00 or A box of six canes with ice.

Help you make a better drink because it's a smoother, more flavorful drink. 1-1/2 oz. Coca-Cola® Rum, ½ tbsp fresh lime juice, 1 tsp sugar and 1/2 oz. rum and add to the glass, top "fizz" with Coke®. Mix together. So easy it's a whole new world.

they put them outside the Church in anything but so ill-motivated legal sense which is antithetical in the practical order, they can still go to the Sacraments if their conscience is satisfied.

What I see everywhere is a regular spirituality based on Saint Ignatius, man's need as a religious animal, and plain common sense. If the modernists want to broker and homogenize their images of power, detection of personal grandeur and status, that ardent patriotic condition Man will go on in his own secular way spontaneously, because it is his nature. We live through this fear ourselves yet with the Reformation and experienced no decline in religious practice. The Bishops well know they have no official claim to control over religion and spirituality among a laity more broadly literate than they are, nor do they have a special place in a Church grounded in nature and signed.

PAUL S. SPICER, TORONTO

Readers of *A Loop Of Fools* were in for a depressing view of the Catholic Church some. Somewhere Hubert de Soto's mouthed the good news: His account touched the Charismatic Renewal Movement in Montreal with ridicule. As one who attended all 3 sessions of the Olympic Shindig, I felt it was far from ridiculous. Rather, it was an inspiring and a deeply moving experience. He makes sport of the people



Samantha Barks in "Wind": self-indulgence

"noting their eyes in adine beauty . . . I saw no rolling eyes but this good news is, don't be sad, be happy, let it show, dance, sing, enjoy it! After all, 45,000 people along with eight bishops and 900 priests were having a great time!"

I really had to laugh at de Soto's "white captain taught from wheelhouse and produced . . . themselves miraculously tired." Crowded would have been a better description because it was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way to the podium with help and frequent rests.

TOMMY BRADDOCK OTTAWA

**It's the results that count**  
The Bumper Crop [September 19] maintains that *Why Show The Tracker, Who Has Seen The Wind, Ansatsu and Ondorego* represent a breakthrough to "self-sufficient growth" in the Canadian feature film industry. All these films came under fire because the Canadian Film Development Corporation invested money in them—a piece of information that you omit, left, and I agree, was irrelevant to their quality. Too many Canadian feature films are reviewed in terms of whether or not the taxpayer should have put money into them.

MICHAEL D. SPENCER  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
CANADIAN FILM DEVELOPMENT  
CORPORATION MONTREAL



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## Bolshoi The Vintage Vodka.

Bolshoi. The smoothest vodka you can buy. Because part of our exclusive process is allowing it to mellow for 2 full years. Bolshoi is so smooth, so mellow, it makes the perfect vodka martini. And what better test of vodka is there?

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There's absolutely nothing milder than Medallion.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette: Nicotine 1 mg\*, Tar 0.8 mg, nicotine

# Preview

Can Clark beat the odds in Quebec City?

As a national pastime, Clark-bashing is becoming something of a bore. Nonetheless, the seemingly benighted Tory leader appears to be in for another round next month in Quebec City, where the party convention will be asked to vote on the question: "Does the party have a leadership candidate?" Even pro-Joe insiders were worrying two weeks in advance of Quebec City that the vote for a leadership convention could be 20% to 25%—a significant repudiation of Clark. "If it's more than 30%, the leader has to think about what he's going to do," Clark's people are working hard on the delegates and if their positive arguments fail then what's next? In the hole does the party want a leadership convention in the middle of a federal election campaign expected early next year? Even so toro, "unless a Clark loyalist 'are smart enough to know we have to rally around somebody—and Joe is there.'

#### Gerbo writes!

In 1930 MGM promoted the movie *Anna Christie* quite simply, "Garbo Talko!" It was more than just a reference to the fact that it was the Swedish-born star's first sound film, in the golden age of Hollywood Bubble-gum. Great Garbo was a sphinx, a riddle, a true woman of mystery. Garbo did not

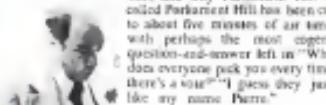


Garbo and Gilbert in 'Flesh And The Devil': quiet romance

However, the 72-year-old Garbo has prepared a memoir called *Garbo: A Biography In Her Own Words*. It will, so the publishing house claims, go beyond candid and intimate, detailing her romances, including the most celebrated one with John Gilbert, her on-screen lover in three silent films and the off-screen lover she came very close to marrying. There's one catch, though: it can't be published until after her death.

#### The children's hour

Cynics might say that the Prime Minister is merely lining up votes for the 1980 election, but he isn't doing anything more sinister than being nice to little kids the same age as his son, Justin. On November 14, on the CTV program *Keeper of the Keys*, five Ottawa children preschoolers, will be given interviewing Trudeau on Parliament Hill. Their half-hour conversation involving questions about why we wear coats in winter, what Justin, Sacha and Michel think about him, and why Parliament Hill has been cut to about five minutes of air time, with perhaps the most cogent question-and-answer left in ("Why does everyone pick you every time there's a sale?" "I guess they just like my name Pierre.")



Trudeau and the Little People, responding



Sacha, Justin and Michel



Canada

## All In The Commons

*Let the desert be open*—  
Unveiled by the Speaker  
to start every day in the  
House of Commons the  
words that have had spec-  
ial import in 2 p.m. on Monday, October 17,  
the Commons opened its doors for the  
first and to electronic coverage of its proceedings.  
That first Question Period was  
transmitted live from the floor of the  
House by both CTV and CBC, and the Com-  
mons will never be quite the same again.  
Nor will Canada. Now-and-then-effect  
Canadian will no longer be able to assess their political  
opinion without a visit to a newsroom around  
the world. Twenty years ago it was first  
thought about, four years after work  
started, about four months after work  
started it became a reality, and in a cost of  
five million dollars, Canadian radio and TV cov-  
erage of everything that is said in the  
House—in effect an electronic, blessed

which in sophistication and technology it outstrips anything available elsewhere. As a result lobbying dominates the proceedings of the U.S. Congress, never later than day on Walter Cronkite's evening news. "It may never get good ratings—but that again, we won't have to worry about being canceled."

ian Chodat's first major speech as 3-term senator. But that won't happen in 1993. Instead we can expect to see and hear occasional clips from the House during newscasts and in regular public affairs programs. In addition, the CBC is running its own edited versions of the week in the House [TUE-FRI 11 a.m. Sunday, 10-10 a.m. Saturday].

Well, how much or little we see and hear, radio and particularly TV will undoubtedly change Canadians' perceptions of the people who lead them or those who would like to. And nothing to do with that speech by Senator Chodat. He's likely to be seen and heard in the end-of-period debates in Ottawa. So where the hows are made, it should also

Ring up the T-Clay. There's no business like this, nothing's business, etc.



By David Cobb

bc where political reputations are forged. When television was not allowed inside more and more of the country's business was being discussed for the cameras outside — safe — more specifically, in bloom. In 1968, of the



Comments: Beaumont where a party spokesman would be grilled by parliamentary or political heads standing on the pedestrail cases. If the subject of the inquiry in the House does not offend the Libs it should remain to the Conservatives—not least as members, notably the Prime Minister, who has led to ignore it—seems irrelevant. That has been leaking away from it, as from a stone flat, for years. As Gordon Blair's standing committee on procedure pointed out in a remarkable report in 1972 as part of parliament's proumptitude to inform the people. Televising the proceedings, as Blaum's late great uncle Amiens Beaujart explained would encourage "intelligent commentaries throughout the House and the electorate at a whole".

British House of Commons, which rejected reporters for a period 200 years ago, has so far rejected — perhaps partly because Britain, whom the House never quite trusted, supported it. Commonly television has the capacity — anyway at the start — to reduce intelligent communication to a mushroom. This, during that first television Question Period, we would wish had led Eric Broadbent to make his point, had he been allowed to do so. Presently, Foreign Affairs Minister Max Lekakis (behind the Prime Minister [not in camera range]) poking his teeth, wonder why the Conservatives put all their questions to the Prime Minister [thus allowing him control of the debate] and where that Liberal back



**Answer** Stevens Holz found it necessary to read a question "Bad television" we answered without looking at a word of the question itself.

Still there are no disagreements from the House aside from the party line, and during considered debating more lasting impressions are likely to form. The most tell-

ing, we will believe Tony leader Jim Clark, whose performance outside the House—particularly with set speeches—has received high marks from the press. "TV may well be more or make less important, the judgment of the journalists," says Clark, who may currently be the most popular member of the Opposition. He can now be seen as the Leader of the Opposition and to act like it. He is a fast orator though, and he knows how to tickle the audience. "Singing the Canadian song, who was watching in Sydney," he said during the first debate, "with a ghost of a smile, I said, 'We're a bunch of members of the

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involves more than it, contemplated the show's elegant hall calling him to an interview, now brightly lit by the invasion of 100+ lights. It was not a race recorded on television; reaction shots were kept to a minimum. Says Carter-Graham, the one producer who is involved in the project: "We'll play it straight." And he means it, which explains why "A" Stock car race—born out of a fear that any oven show host might turn the nation into a circus—has been transformed into a serious competition between participants—several executives. Clark gave an "A" client reply to the Liberals' Thought Police, and when he received his best press review, longed for—and did—a get-away. Of Trident's contemplations, he immediately stony that now and then, "I'm granted a pose, with a half-mile at my disposal." The real contest, however, is for the viewer's attention: "If we really want to succeed, we have to make the show go going out," he says. Does this third party whet his appetite for touring? Perhaps. Watchers, particularly the members themselves, will be anxious to see how achievement affects behavior in the zone. Initial impressions, naturally are mixed. John Diefenbaker, who in 1957



**Unfortunately we may have missed the best parts**

My Canadians think of parliament as being as much drama as last year's *Emmy* book, and while little of the daily life of the House of Commons is great literature there have been plenty of great moments. In recent months, for instance, television networks would have had a choice of cheap, gripping entertainment or the judges after the capital punishment vote and even the Arctic pipeline debate. The passion and fury of which until recently had been little noticed by reporters' accounts. Looking back further consider the bits of parliamentary heritage as the bits of television.

**Black Friday**, May 29, 1959. The leader siding with the Liberal government during the attorney debate on funding the Canada pipeline reverses himself as key procedural rules. As debate is still on—then-ccr leader M. J. Cosgrave turns down the aisle to stand in front of Speaker, rebelling his fist and shouting him as a hypocrite and dictator. The government's arrogance on the issue continues to its downfall a year later, especially with live TV coverage; the Conservatives' victory might have been greater.

March 4, 1966 Liberal Justice Minister  
John Gorton goaded by sheets of Do  
belows across the floor at Tony  
John Deltabaker "I want the  
Honorable Gentleman to tell the

right to continue into performance for the Queen's first Throne in the Savoy, says it will do those immediately earlier intermissions down on established international standards of behaviour in the House." Show-shockers in a "fiddle-faddle episode," Dussek elaborated, are not likely to intrude himself surprises on the result in his bag, which is after all 12, he is 15 years younger and has of theatre, his comment of Cato, love should make him a television star." I wanted to throw out all the in the House when I was Prince Charles' number one fan," he said. "So I'm not going to do anything like the Commons, so that members would have to know their subjects. The idea is it's basically to reward us to say the truth.

Conservatives are devoting much and late to the structuring of questions for the daily Question Period. "We make them brief and to the point," one of them said, "and we want to run a tight post—not go screeching for 40



[Did you know what that was in 1977?](#)

about his participation in the Moncada case. Despite the mispronunciation of the name of the German social author Gerde Muriener, this was the beginning of one of modern Cuba's most unromantic scandals, implicating two other Díaz-Balart ministers in the security chief's daily drama in the House for compelling him to drop his charges against the right-wing. Photo: AP/Wide World

every 16, 1971. Prime Minister Trudeau mouths the words —if it's an opposition member — would still gain a different perspective on the claim later that he had said "daddie."

The 26, 1973: Conservative MP Peter Mowat, considerably under the influence of his boss John Diefenbaker, is being hustled from the House. Reilly says: "I will sit here and boo every time she opens her mouth."

"crazies." Joe Clark, an optimist by nature, foresees a sharp reduction in government evasion. "All governments are more or less evasive, but one can never get any straight answers from this lot," he says. Perhaps, he adds, the answer of that evasion is showing up in two network's national news right now has brought attention from now on. There's a widespread feeling that sermons will be abandoned in view that MacLennan does not seem to care, who always used a script before, he says, "and stuck to it every time." A new series changes its location to that radio and television will select from a Congress day only the sensational. "There the Tom Cruise of the world," says the Tory party viewed by Liberals as a possession body-gotick! will shell they have the world by the tail." One war member hastily rephrased a comment saying the government is obliged to take the age in which one is eligible for a pension. He had intended to add a rider, "in view of the Prime Minister's fifty-eighth birthday," but decided against it. "Go to it," the member said slowly, "the Prime Minister's birthday would have been remembered, not my motion."

But the most noticeable change in the House's conduct belongs to the Liberal backbenchers—that faithful army of the mostly young and hopeful who sweep less than 25% of the Question Period, the most visible, most quoted line of the Commons day. Why, when all should ask questions of their own members? Such questions as they do ask are regarded either as amateurish exhibitionism or as a ploy. Now, since October 15, there has been a radical change. Liberal backbenchers are rising like roosters at dusk, trying to catch the Speaker's eye—less, it sometimes appears, out of any urge to actually ask anything.

The contrast could not be starker and deeper as he appears on-schedule telephonically

## Happy days aren't here again—nor are they expected

All the pomp of a royal visit—the ceremony of an opening of parliament, and the novelty of television in the House of Commons could not conceal the basic truth: Canada is a country in trouble both politically and economically.

Given the twin naturally supportive crises of Europe's separation threat and an enormous business slump, the government is given a blank check in the speech from the Throne, selected a long way from promising a cure. Nor did the opposition come up with a miracle solution, apart from the usual bromide of a change of government. ("The House regrets to inform Your Majesty that the incompetence of Your Majesty's ministers has damaged Canada's economy.") The metric

than to rescue the folks back home or the constituency but they do in fact exist, are in fact anomalous. "There's great pressure on us now," says Jim Flinton (York West), "and great pressure on the Speaker to recognize it. But the last three days about 20 of us have been pumping up and down trying to catch his eye. Otherwise people are going to ask, 'Why are these guys sitting on their hands?'

Who knows, on the other hand, how long such order will continue? In other jurisdictions where TV is used—though no other country or province uses it non-stop—their acceptance is limited to certain hours, mostly at night. Elsewhere, the use is sporadic, where permitted, and at the next-to-last hour's discretion. The United States, which televises certain segments of its subcommittee (the McCarthy witch-hunt hearings in the early Fifties, Watergate), is expected to allow TV to cover the House of Representatives next year. The United Nations in New York has had TV facilities since the start, but among socialist and communist Denmark was the pioneer, in 1960. There, and in Austria, West Germany, Sweden, Norway and Holland, proceedings are covered that are deemed newsworthy by TV; there is no evidence that TV has precipitated anyone's political performance fire war or another. In Britain, for instance, former minister of justice Andrew van Agt underwent severe and repeated readings on television because of the flight of unexpected war criminals yet emerged strongly as Dutch heroism earlier this year in the new leader of his party. Conversely, Marcus Bakker, leader of the Dutch Continental Party and

scraped away, the Throne Speech contained two basic points:

- A commitment to move, in consultation with the provinces, toward a "new federalism," as yet undefined.
- A shift in the economic insulation strategy from inflation, the main preoccupation for five years, to unemployment, which the speech called "deeply disturbing."

Obviously trying to throw Quebec's René Lévesque off balance, Trudeau also announced plans for legislation giving the federal government power to hold its own referendum on the future of Canadian federation, but he was hazy on details and there may, in fact, never be a referendum. On the new federalism front, the government promised a package containing proposals relating to the Constitution of Canada in the coming months. On the economy, it moved on quickly.

Two days after the Throne Speech, Finance Minister Jean Chrétien announced an economic and fiscal statement containing a number of stimulus measures

that end between now and April 14 and mid-June; they include contracts that expire in the same period—they will be renewed with controls in place.

Most economists believe the time is ripe

for dropping controls because the stamping economy will be held off price increases and wages without direct government intervention. But beyond the immediate future, the wage price spiral of a few years ago could easily reappear. For the government has failed to win business and labor support for a program of voluntary restraint and has not yet acted to restrain the economy to free away the market power that allows big business and labor to set their own prices and wages.

Chrétien's job occupation is with unemployment—not inflation—with the jobless rate at present record levels. Chrétien announced in a cut of up to \$100 million for low- and middle-income workers, which should stimulate demand but will also help load the government budget to a record \$22 billion. As well, he promised to allocate another \$150 million in government spending toward job creation.

But the impact on the unemployment rate will be marginal at best. Chrétien was clearly hoping for an instant boost

from the falling value of the Canadian dollar, which momentarily dipped below 50 cents U.S. for the first time since 1939 before appearing to stabilize slightly above 46 cents. The devalued dollar should help the export industries and go a long way toward wiping out Canada's trade balance deficit. But that advantage could be quickly offset if wage demands create rises to meet the higher cost of imports. Trudeau singled out this problem in a speech in the Commons the day before Chrétien's and called on Canadians to discipline themselves. What is needed is a sensible decision on the part of the Canadian people to consume to keep their costs down to live within their means, to act together in a spirit of cooperation in every area of the economy.

Replies Conservative Leader Joe Clark, "The government must stop talking each and every one for all our problems. It must recognize that it has and must assume prime responsibility for the economy of the country." **JANET RENAUD**



one of the great stars of Deach parliamentary tv, saw his party through to victory in the same election—and almost lost his seat in New Zealand has broadcast in the House of Representatives since 1983. Saskatchewan and Alberta started televising broadcast 10 years ago. This is a move suggested by Auditor General Michael Ferguson, who said that television should be used to benefit the public in the same sense as the news being broadcast. Major funding troubles still loom, so come 2001, fiscal issues on the impact of a preference of the electronic medium on the House of Commons' behavior and procedure. That is much more serious.

## QUEBEC

### Reality roars its head

Liz Stinson fishing who interrupt their blades to rise to the surface for air, the main protagonist in Canada's constitutional struggle have been forced to take time out to tend their affected communities. A day after the federal government announced its measures (page 22) Premier René Lévesque responded with a set of his own, including take-over of a major hydroelectric and an oil-and-gasoline pipeline. He also proposed to give Quebec City and Ottawa "Differences over the Constitution should not prevent economic collaboration by the two governments in that the problems and the needs of Quebecers," the Premier said. The cooperation may be grudging, but it seems reasonable that neither government could afford to be held to blame for economic disaster.

Lévesque especially must act to defend a regional opposition strategy which, so far, relies almost wholly on dictating



from the falling value of the Canadian dollar, which momentarily dipped below 50 cents U.S. for the first time since 1939 before appearing to stabilize slightly above 46 cents. The devalued dollar should help the export industries and go a long way toward wiping out Canada's trade balance deficit. But that advantage could be quickly offset if wage demands create rises to meet the higher cost of imports. Trudeau singled out this problem in a speech in the Commons the day before Chrétien's and called on Canadians to discipline themselves. What is needed is a sensible decision on the part of the Canadian people to consume to keep their costs down to live within their means, to act together in a spirit of cooperation in every area of the economy.

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**Thetford Mines, part of the Asbestos operations that Parti Québécois (below) would take over one way or another**

that economic disruptions and poor prospects are caused by the Parti Québécois government's determination to lead the province to independence. In response to that, and to complaints of voter culling during a week of electoral night sweepstakes by the National Assembly majority leader and one of his supporters, he has announced a marked slowdown in his government's much-touted political changes in Quebec politics and social structures.

Parliamentary hearings and plans to hold a referendum on Quebec's constitutional future were postponed a day before they were scheduled to begin. Study was put off for at least two weeks and the government withdrew its commitment to debate the second referendum bill during the current session. The Premier does not want to be embroiled in fight over the referendum rules when unemployment, now running near 11%, has a future 13% under the dark skies of midwinter. Referendum legitimacy will most likely await the warmth of spring when民族ist antagonists and hawks up economic nerves.

At the same time, Lévesque restrained the ardor of Cultural Development Minister Claude Larivière who wanted to follow his Charte de la langue, complete with a new and sternly sweeping policy on official usage. The policy is in outline anyway. As the government approaches its first anniversary, it is haunted by echoes of

the Parti Québécois' number one campaign promise: good government. That is your later motto providing jobs.

Short-term employment will come from a major works program including construction of housing, cross-country infrastructure, perhaps to lead the sweepstakes through a web of electoral night sweepstakes by the National Assembly majority leader and one of his supporters. Led by a self-styled "practical negotiator" (he was General Dynamics' Canadian), Sherin of asbestos corporations jumped by \$2.50 to \$2.6 billion before study was suspended 17 months after opening of the

Montreal Stock Exchange the day the strike was announced. Government intentions had somehow leaked to a mounting newspaper and asbestos shareholders pushed up the price Quebec will pay. At \$28 each, the government would have to count out nearly \$76 million if it went for full ownership. Nationalization remained only a backup threat but there was no doubt the government would insist it should do the American paper corporation imitation it refused to set. Though Quebec might be content with something less than complete ownership, Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau made it clear that the province wants to be the boardroom host ("We are definitely not striking a autonomy in terms"). Parizeau, whose conservative fiscal policies have provided the government with the financial cushion it needs to support its economic program, is going to present now that the economy in Quebec's mainstays is stagnating.

Quebec is the non-Commonwealth's biggest asbestos producer but all of its mines are farms go owned and almost none of the remaining fiber is produced in the province. Take-over of asbestos corporations is part of the government's plan to have at least one-tenth of asbestos mined in Quebec processed with manufactured goods—building products, bricks, etc.—so Quebec flourishes. And it now stands 95% of the province's asbestos goes to industries elsewhere.

As Lévesque admitted, the shifting of priority from language and independence to the economy had as its purpose the "creation of a better political climate." Prime Minister Trudeau's announcement that Ottawa would do its own referendum if necessary, but not necessarily a referendum met with surprisingly little attention in Quebec. All persons involved in so almost unique a situation—Quebec's political future will be decided by Quebec-based English Canadians, it seems—will consider it to be nothing more than interested spectators until the confrontation reaches its extremity.

RONALD THOMAS



## VANCOUVER

### Hill the conquering heroes

Canadian soldiers come into contact with—let alone produce—men or women who battle the elements on a heroic scale and make history in the process. So it was an unusual occasion in October when Dutch adventurer Willy de Roos sailed gamely into Vancouver's False Creek Harbor after successfully plowing, for the most part alone, an 82-foot-kilometer passage through the formidable Northwest Passage in just 80 months setting a world record for speed in the smallest craft ever to go the route. The crew of the 800-ton sloop that had gathered to greet him had hardly slept since when the next afternoon, another crew who had fought and won a different fight northward arrived at Vancouver International Airport. It was Alberts mountaineer Tim Auger, returning with two of his colleagues from Nepal after being part of the first Canadian climbing expedition to scale a Himalayan peak, the 23,942-foot Pumori known as the "daughter" of nearby Mount Everest. Auger, a 31-year-old, rose-wreathed alpinist with a beard, had faced fierce blizzards, snowstorms and George Horner (who because of altitude sickness did not make it to the top) seemed slightly dazed by the interview crew and reporters who gathered to greet them. "Apparently this climb started off a lot more difficult than we anticipated," grinned Auger who had expected their achievement to be longer ignored or played down. In some circles it was. "It's interesting that when these guys did this guys didn't make it up," pointed out one Vancouver businessman. "I thought how typical Canadians are to us for doing bad things."

Their success was not limited to the climbing expeditions. De Roos had his transpacific Vancouver arrival marked by the presentation of a silver Mountaineering award that he had not, he claimed, asked for. Despite the accolades, it was clear that extraordinary had been performed by many more courageous than most. The Canadian climber—Auger, Ian Reilly, 33, a mechanical engineer from Golden, Alberta; Cloud (Kne) Gilligillar, 37, an alpine guide from Comox, Alberta, and Christopher Stark, a 31-year-old Calgary metallurgist working in Afghanistan—had struggled up the last 1,500 feet of Pemón in a mazing 40-mile round trip. "It was a real cliff-hanger whether we'd make it," said a smiling Auger. He confided that he had been "done talk" of several of the Canadian mountaineering British expedition for an assault on Everest with the last two years. "People keep asking us what next and we have to laugh and the tired mountain climber." All we really want to do is go home.

For de Roos' home for the next while would be a comfortable room at Vancouver's joint Bayshore Inn where the publican and innkeeper has also agreed to provide free rooms for Willy. As regaling as the 34-year-old Dutch-born Auger was in his steady talk after a briefly accented English, about the pleasure and exertion of following the historic route of the RCMP's schooner St.

Rock, the first to complete the Northwest Passage in one season back in 1944. He was also proud of the fact that he did everything himself on board from baking his own bread to fixing his signal in a particularly dangerous zone. "This voyage has changed me completely. Let's say that before it began, I considered myself a timid man. Now I have lost my timidity. I have become braver."

JUDITH TIMMONS

## MANITOBA

### A Lyon in autumn

Henry Chapman and wife then a messianic figure, as to the returning types who had supported him. Some 10,000 men had given payment for the Red Cross, which survives the longest popular vote in recent Manitoba history. Raising to the podium before a cheering crowd he had only a few performance words, before retiring quickly to a more measured celebration upstairs in the Winnipeg Holiday Inn. It was a long forewarning, but the funers were back in the saddle.

The surprise wasn't the return but the size of it. Manitoba voters had decided with startling positive enthusiasm to terminate their eight-year experiment with democratic socialism. In rejecting Ed Schreyer's New Democratic administration they gave the Conservatives a clear majority in the legislature and an unprecedented 48% of the popular vote. Ahead lay Lyons' promise of "peace, prosperity, restraint."

Across the country, analysis on the right

lamented loss of the name



**De Roos Four Months Before the Match**

The surprise alone, Red-Bone's capture of the J.E. Avery Hill which had unsuccessfully tried to make through the passageway at the same time as de Roos, complained that de Roos had led an assault for a five-week stretch from Greenland to King William Island, a young Belgian, Jean-Louis De Gucht, the grandfather of the fifth rate to win the Amundsen. De Roos' inventory follows: an eagle and holding a red rose given by his admiral, needed on the dock of the ship. He was also asked to bring the presence of the admiral who, as he pointed out, was always present and ready to help.

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of the political spectrum painted as the vote losers in the last elections in British Columbia and Ontario as well as those talking about the party's national future. Schreyer's defeat left Alan Blakeney in neighbouring Saskatchewan as the only non-premier in the nation, and he too has a wary eye on his Conservative opposition. Despite 10 years, the Tory party showed signs of declining in the last Saskatchewan election in 1979, winning only seven seats in the 61-seat legislature. Blakeney attributed the Manitoba results mainly to an anti-government mood inspired by border crossings losses.

For Schreyer, 41, who had taken Manitoba through two four-year terms of progressive often controversial change, the October 11 returns seemed to be almost as much as he, put it in the "soft-losers' guide" of the priesthood: "It fully reflects that rather well for no reason I can explain," he confessed.

Schreyer had suffered losses in the way of traditional election goodies. Instead of the provincial and municipal government seats won in 1979, he had a better job in a tough national election. He then tried the right tactic of maintaining the socialist principles while cutting welfare rates and doing away with such social status symbols and the average voter found the resulting computers. Many government-owned businesses would be sold off and the bulk of a \$50-million development

project in Winnipeg would be scrapped.

The package, however,

Lyon had two weeks to choose a cabinet before taking office, October 24. He indicated he would get along quickly on a judicious reorganization. Ministerial posts were big, airy, and on a cool service basis because, like the tax cuts, would have to wait for the first budget. He said he would soon quietly receive reports through the auditor's office—running the government like a business. The Premier died then packed his bags and went off to meet the Queen in Ottawa and later took his post. At home waited a number of tough economic problems, the central one being how and where to set the budget. One educated guess was that he would have to lay off at least \$100 million in order to get himself enough elbow room for the promised tax cuts. The deficit for fiscal 1979/80 is currently estimated to be about \$21 million—and owing due to a revenue shortfall caused by this year's economic slump. The civil service looked like a probable victim. Lyon gave the low-methanol-sugar salary budget of the government's planning secretariat as an example of where cuts could be made. Some government employees, many of whom have been recruited from other, more generous, public service, were handed down waiting for the news. Blakeney can count several deputy ministers and the heads of Crown corporations publicly. The Conservatives weren't expected to take a light touch in sacking the civil service.

ROULLAS MARKAY

## Pardon me, sir, but your date is on fire

John McCallum was out on the town after a hearty meal at Winnipeg's swanky Le Vieille Gare restaurant. The University of Manitoba economics professor settled back to watch the titillating performances as his waiter prepared a flaming dessert of calypso suete. But as the liqueur was lit, the flames shot across the table and set fire to McCallum's shirt. The waiter, who was wearing an iron buckle on him and in a dash of dashes his dinner companion grabbed a napkin and used it to extinguish the flames. After some days in hospital, where he was visited by the remorseful waiter, McCallum is now suing the restaurant.

Cheats—but may become accustomed to the indignities that follow overindulgence, but annihilation is another thing altogether. Even so, as the popularity of flamed cooking spreads across Winnipeg, the incidence of flaming diners on the rise. No one keeps figures, although possible, but it's safe to hold off on the question of whether there's a growing concern of the proprietors, lie conversationalists or others that there's talk of new safety measures to help govern their operatic adventures. The problem isn't brand new: back in 1966 the courts awarded \$4,703 to Elliott Schwartz, for the

burns he received along with his cheeses while in another Winnipeg restaurant. But the flaming and flame-retardant are part of the theme on the dinner scene. Says one matre d': "Customers expect that the trolley be pulled right next to their table and lots of booze be used so the flame will shoot high to impress their date." The waiters aren't always the customers either. Professe Nyquay, head waiter at the Factor's Table, the dining room at the Hotel Fort Garry, set himself alight one evening while preparing his methyl-hydrogen burner. Despite a month long stay in hospital and permanent scars, Nyquay still loves diners for his customers—convinced as many as 40 a night and 150 a day are attracted to his place. "If flaming is what my customers want, that's what we'll go for."

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# Bloody Italy

The revolution is on, the casualties are mounting

By Angela Ferrante

Italy. A country broken into in nation places, as of course has just blown it up and left the traumatised mixed in with the debris. Here is one place: a skin-cell evening at the mall of a working dog in Rome. The granite steps, where the self-grieving Mediterranean can't help a rose snags on the church spires. In the elegant Fonte Nuova, waiters prepare the ambrosian Far-eastern delicacy. Vendos make their spin around Bernini's famous fountains. The man with umbrella whose legs used to be rattles it on an Alfa-belts-clanked gyro, should droop over his leg, wherein lies no bone. Tourists, calling past, carefully hold on to their purse. Suddenly, just a short distance away injoint of San Pietro in Vaticano, gunshots ring the softness. It's a shout out between police and left-wing terrorists. Agile carabinieri cleave to the body of the most sought-after terrorist, leader 26-year-old Antonio La Pergola, his sprawling in the blood. Nearby, 25-year-old terrorist Mario Pia Vausto, knotted in the ground, lies bleeding, nose broken.

Another place, the Pinciano suburb of Rome. Curious, haphazard look down.



*Raid kidnapper leader Gianni Spadolini in coffee and under guard during his trial this summer. A young man firing a handgun left the 100-plus demonstrators in May. 10% fewer of the 10,000 wire-tapped revolutionaries who filed the demands. Massacred in Genoa*



*Terrorist visible, surrounded by militia leaders and their dogs, but also many unarmed or weakly armed individuals shot in Milan's Teatro. Most suffered last May 20, but in the early April*



over the 100 slums of some of the city's 60,000 barrios—the poor and displaced many of them migrants from the south who live without water or electricity. The local body shop is busy repairing stolen Mercedes. The 10-year-old local writer going leader is busy trying a lock. He lives in a mud-covered garage-shack apartment building. His neighbors say his mother signs letters because she needs the money. From here, and elsewhere, comes the Italian counterculture: fragmented data-sheets of life's discontents, where dying villages perish like flocks of birds, still hatched in the light that illuminates the massive poverty.

It's impossible to put the pieces together. There is no "white" Italy anymore. It's not just that for a country always at or near the general level of disorder or higher, the contrast sharper than usual. Or that urban crime is without the flower of artifice of the cities. The old Italy is crumbling, structural flaws unmasking. Terrorism is striking away at pillars with machine gun persistence. The country is caught up in a rapid evolution—some world war II revolution—of which violence is both the fuel and the by-product. At the tumultuous core of the changes are the young—students, unemployed, emigrants, the discontent. They have inherited a suffocating house

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beautifully designed with garrets and terraces, but overcrowded and body in need of modernization. They know full well that whatever they are born in the older or the saxon, they have little hope of changing their past.

And now, they are not just hoping for changes, they are demanding them, ready to blow up the whole house if they have to. The majority of 60 million Italians, caught between the old and the new, are baffled when they are not frightened, always waiting tragic scenarios that will put the pieces together and explain away the terrors.

Tragedies that will explain, for instance, why early this year students once again descended with hammers and axes onto the passes of Italy's universities. Why they sacked and ignited Milan's university library, torched the school of Rome and Bologna. Why 17-year-old high-school students were photographed carefully among PIA traffic cones of supply vehicles—as police. Why the stops became harrowing of police cars, many of us gear like Marines, dressed in anti-riot gear. Why there have been deaths on both sides. Why all summer long while the ruling Christian Democracy under Premier Giulio Andreotti and the powerful Commissario Segretario Enrico Berlinguer for the first time worked on a common Regno Unito program, ultra-left-wing terrorists continued to carry on their own vendettas against with bombings, kidnappings, killings. On June 18 there was a major terrorist attack almost every two days. Why judges prosecute, university heads, and finally even journalists were left with their legs that go bleeding in front of their houses or in parking lots. Why even the Communists who with 34% of the vote, are so close to power, have lost control, repudiated by the now "nationalistic" who want no leaders. Why everyone expects things to be worse this autumn.

The key piece Italy's students. Only they can answer why things since more hopeful now than nine years ago, when they last rebelled to "open" Italy as an avenger to more than just the children of the wealthy. So about 30 of them were bearded, most in blue jeans all wearing leotards with a Portuguese apartment just above where the gang leader lives to explain to a foreigner about the hills they are simultaneously destroying and re-creating. The students represent every political position from ultra-left to centre, and in a country where every shade of political prey has a name and a trading address. They start by giving me a few facts. Roma University was originally built for 30,000 and now has 180,000 students. City we all showed up for classes at noon, when they'd have to get in the "taxis," says 25-year-old Communist Enrico Tronca. University is only parka-areas—a parking lot. There are up to two million unemployed, most of them graduates or qualified young people. Most of them emigrated from the south or come Italy, have to resort to slave labor there.

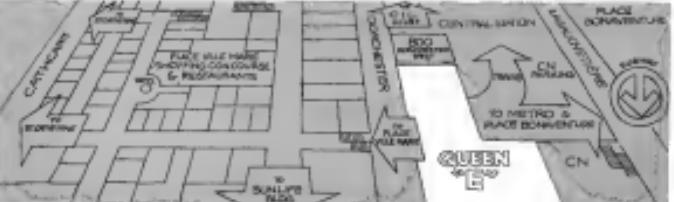


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poorly paid jobs (reserve). These students (there are four living in this cramped apartment) are the sons and daughters of farmers, small shop owners, and the first generation of their families to make it to university. The first to hope to conquer the poverty of the arid south—without having to resort to emigration. And now down it, they went something for having played by the rules. But university has been opened to them just as the retching economy is shutting the doors of hope.

"I want to work, but I want to choose it," says a 26-year-old medical student, Paolo Oddo, one of the growing number of left-wing "communists" who refuse to be dictated

to. That's a Communist Party worker, replete with the party line. "In Italy today nobody chooses his job." With pride you won't change anything." They are angry with each other—the communists because they feel Communists have "sold out," moving too slowly to change the country. The Communists, because they feel that authority will destroy hope for reform.

"If you feel the anger and can channel it, fine," explains Tommaso Russo di Vito, a nonviolent leftist. "If you feel it and can't, you find yourself in a square in a demonstration and you just only end up hitting someone." But the dissident quickly deteriorates into a shouting, march about

who hit first, who shot first on the last rally. The communists: "I had no weapons in my hand!" The Communists: "Liar." They spit the ultimate insult at each other: "Fascist." The shouting goes off in a huff to the kitchen. The temperate man has surrendered. When a philosophy professor, Raffaele Mignani, asks, "Is this the beginning of the revolution?" everybody just laughs nervously. "It's not in a way, isn't it?" he says later. "They can't keep from them that they would have to go beyond them and they can't."

Going beyond the facts, in the more than usually chaotic Italy of 1977, inevitably means taking a radical position. And for most Italians it is easier not to. After all, the country still looks on its own perfume, still walks in the wanish life of well-dressed women and good cooks. Terence de'ath keeps people, by new resort to every kind of comic, from packing the beaches. But underneath is there, like a bull sow in every convention the big three or four days ago, the sound of distant war was from the Right. The most recent example? 178 people are still being tried in connection with one such水源, bombing on March, attacks on long-haired leftists by groups of toughs called squadristi. But the trial is over, averaging like a crony's prodigal, is from the Left and is far more despicably effective. In the first six months this year, there were 1,148 terrorist attacks compared to 496 for the same period last year—everything from fire-bombings to assassinations. The impatience is growing that maybe this time the crisis is real. Says Alessandro Salvi, an author who spent several months researching the backgounds of Italy's latest crop of left-wing terrorists (and whose book was found in La Macchia's possession when he was killed): "That time the crowd is different. It's got feeling but something will have to break."

We're not much, but the economy, as usual, is fragile. In fact, it has shown some resilience, if temporarily, improvement: inflation is down to 15% from 22% last year. Strike activity is down. Productivity is up by 2.5%. But it has even started to repay some of its foreign debts.

But what makes these problems more ominous in Italy is a weak social and community consciousness, a "me-versus-them" attitude, a lack of respect for everyday lives and equations and the meekness disorders which most Canadians would find intolerable. In other words, a perfect context for complete breakdown.

The young people seem lost, rattling around inside stereotypes, impatient with them. Impatient with the clichés, the patois, the systems, upon which every job revolves, the take-for-granted that politicians are corrupt, that taxes should be avoided, that the phones won't work, the postmen will always escape (80 did so last year). They are outraged that 392 of every 1,000 children die in their first year (compared to 127 in England), that Mi-

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Italy has two square meters of green space per person living up to Paris with seven and Amsterdam with 30; but the country has ten times fewer sport facilities than the rest of Europe. In the south 16-year-old boys are still sold by their poor parents to local farmers for about \$150. The south, after all these years, is still poor, a sort of on-hold Third World, its villages depopulated by the young who have moved to northern Italian towns doubling the populations of such cities as Turin and Milan in the past 20 years, creating a ring of poverty around them.

Now that it is finally being forced to come to terms with its "problem," Italy can't afford to let the Communist Party influence the rural and neighborhood communities in the cities. Now that divorce is legal and legalized abortion on the horizon, the socialists to change it all are greater. "So many things that Italian accepted faithfully before," says Risi, "now they believe they might change them." The only question is, how?

The academics have divided the "problem" into three main groups. First, there are the hundreds and thousands of students, who, though not terrorist, form the "body of water in which the terrorist can swim." Politicians gathered when a meeting of 2,000 students recently voted on whether or not they will go out the next time they demonstrated to protest the recent strike demanded by the priests. Second, come the 150,000 who belong to leftist groups such as Lotta Comunista (The Fighting Commune), which spread violent revolution out from the schools. Operating out of a Roma warehouse with 30,000 members, Lotta Comunista publishes a daily newspaper. Says a 30-year-old physician, a spokesman for the group, Dr. Enrico Deoglio: "There is no possible way to change Italy without a revolution."

The hard-core terrorists, the all-out fighters who live under cover, changing identities and hideouts every month, living off robberies and kidnappings, number about 300. Another 200 seem posers. The two main groups, which breed out to the score about 100,000, are the Red Brigades and Red Cell. Former university students, and the Nucleus of the Armed Proletariat, these are the leaders of a peasant or urban movement. Together they are believed responsible for at least four political murders, 34 attempted kidnappings and assassinations. They are primarily behind the sharp increase in bombing incidents (up 33% in the past four years). Four Neapolitan were believed killed while bombing houses.

Though or barely still in existence, the Red Brigades' power is such that the trial of their leader, Renato Curcio, a 36-year-old homespun, bearded former sociology student had been postponed twice. Once, when he was "liberated" from prison by a squad which included his wife. She was

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was killed in a shoot-out with police. Then Johnson in Tunis was too scared to show up in court after the US killed the president of the Tunis Law Society. When Cárdenas was finally tried this summer in Milan he was surrounded by enough artillery to fill a small town. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years for remaining silent.

At this week's meeting in Italy, it is no longer safe to be a politician. Take the case of Massimo De Carlo, a 37-year-old lawyer, Christian Democrat deputy from Milan. Small, with douring blue eyes, he sits on the edge of his chair in the ornate room where most of the Italian Chamber is already ready for flight. He is "right wing" even for a Christian Democrat. He abhors deals with the Communists and has paid heavily for it. He has been attacked 15 times by leftists. They have punched and kicked him. Tried to kidnap him. Shaken the men of his car, addled with the broken psi dynamic in the engine (defused in time by police). His offices have been raided several times. At four o'clock one afternoon two years ago a woman and two men walked into his downtown Milan law office, guns stuck forward to clear the way. They and up five people who happened to be in the office with De Carlo and took them to the basement. There they tied De Carlo against a wall and quizzed, coldly, about his legs from under him. He now remembers a 14-hour police escort. "I'm not troubled so much by terrorism," says the father of four, his voice quickly rising, "I'm worried by the gold bracelet room." "I sleep at night."

But even though he is part of the power structure, De Carlo is just as impotent as

the students he charges. Since the war Italy has had 36 changes of government, but in reality has been governed by the same regime—the Christian Democrats (pcd), a party of Catholic small business owners whose collars professionals. It has formed coalition cabinets, pressed hard to stay in power. It has coaxed almost everything it wants. It has had a virtual monopoly of all jobs. It was an oligarchic party. It became the state, says De Carlo. "But now it is at an end. The pc is no longer strong." What worries De Carlo is not the fact that the Communists have now moved into all the "social" jobs—the area covers local government and unions—but

De Carlo believes he has an opportunity free of all oligarchs, and has paid for it in Milan. So far—and more so—  
the critics' injured patriotic hue cap (bottom left) in Bologna, in Sicily (center), after-leftists' impotent reaction (bottom right)

the fact that the unions are going up without a fight. That the pcd are allowing the Communists in through the back door—bringing them into the legislative process while giving them avoid menial jobs. This suits the Communists who are only too happy to work their way into power slowly rather than face the pre-mature and violent overthrow of another's rule. Salvador Allende has 10%. All around him, De Carlo sees people accepting the inevitability of a Communist rule. Businessmen are quietly moving elsewhere (quite a few in Canada). Others are legally smuggling money out of the country by the billions. Even the terrorists seem this. "The battle has been engaged because the terrorist is convinced, and rightly so, that the political system in Italy cannot go on. They are attempting to tip it over the brink." Suggestions that Communism would not really "take" in Italy are unconvincing.



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The Bologna-baptized place of shadow  
Francesco Lo Russo is now a secular shrine

densely frequented. Commemoration will take, he says, in a cemetery where everyone expects the saint to do anything for them when it is virtually impossible to be heard when a saintly figure enters. It must go back to his home town, the one with which it over, where the prime demand of the people who visit the cultic location is to give "some little disability pension," even though they are not disabled. "Religious authority is only the sum of small favors," he said just before he flew to the Chamber. "They are not real individuals."

Not in Italy (at this week moment), to be wealthy of Italy. It was a foggy morning in

November three years ago. Luigi Rossi di Montelera, 42, was heading home to his parents' farm, a cheese operation (Olivari, and Rossi) just outside Taro. A car came out of the fog and kidnapped him. Three men robed one with guns. Montelera knew immediately he was going to be one of Luigi's growing number of kidnapping victims. He was taken blindfolded to a barn not far away and hidden in an underground room not high enough to stand in; the only light covered up with

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family, who never married even though 700 million lire were paid out.

So far kidnapping in Italy has remained primarily the job of the Mafia, a stereotypical Italian association accounted with the same kind of deformity in other ways. The kidnappers soon moved in Sicily and southern Italy in the 1960s and quickly moved north. In 1970 there were 44 kidnappings; in 1976 there were 44, and in the first six months of this year there were 46. Many of those victims are still missing. One was killed while trying to escape.

But you don't have to be powerful or wealthy to find the Mafia interesting. Elena Caneva has been a stand-up waitress for just a couple of weeks from Roma's famous Foro di Traiano. For the past eight years she has watched Rome, the city of eternal night, becoming anxious, withdrawn, nervous, driving up early for fear of having their earnings stolen, people leaving home, or, if going out, keeping their gold pendants and watches at home. Her shop has been looted by robbers several times. One morning, the Trevi gang, youths about 15 years old, grabbed her purse with the woman's take. They warned her they would set fire to the shop if she told police. She did nothing. True to their word, they retaliated. It won't be long before Miss Caneva is the next one asking, "Then you could leave your purse in the middle of the square and no one would dare take it, do you? We made things work."

Year after year the stories for Italy's newest party, the Italian Social Movement (ism) in the hope that golden days will return to the country again. "It's the 25-year-old mother of ours," "Suddenly you realize something has changed overnight." Then she mutters darkly, "If it continues like this for four or five years, there will be bad things." *Breathless*.

Ironically, napkins are drawn. In all this chaos, no remnant of the 1970s, just a period for another disease? Italy may very well end up as the point of binding toward a strong, law-and-order regime—but it would probably be a regime of the Left. Throughout the ferment, Italy's Communists have clearly allied with the police and are supporting stronger police measures. They intend to lose even more than the Christian Democrats from continuing deforestation caused by immigrants and intend to gain most of them to be able to control. Their share has completely altered the young to feel they have lost their only way, a government. As for Italy's coalitions, they are now split, blinding inwardly, and looking very suffer. In the last election, the anti-supported only two million votes, and early this year half of an attempt in the Chamber and the Senate broke away to become a more "Regressive" party.

Sam Leader, Georgia Almanac, a 67-year-old former politician, dwarfed in his high erkläring office in a 16th-century palace in Rome, laughingly "No, there

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"The real possibility of a dictatorship of the Right I have no doubt for it. These things just amaze me. On the other hand, a dictatorship of the Left is quite possible."

A sparsely student visiting room in the Law Building of the University of Bologna. Members of the Italian press are assembled around the table. But by now this is an old story for them. It's a story about how a nice middle-class medical student 24-year-old Francesco Lorusso happened to find himself in the middle of a student riot last March 11. How he happened to

**Ultra-Leftists Fighting the counterrevolution  
'People Power' rebels in Bologna this fall**

catch a police bullet full in the chest. How his death intensified waves of riots in student dorms.

In the corner, the mother, a schoolteacher, sits dressed in black, a tall insect woman with that light hair and pained blue eyes that refuse to stop staring at her chalk-white hands. Beside her is a young leftist lawyer who has come to find the press conference to demand why the policeman who

shot the fatal bullet has not been charged or even interrogated. A moderate professor stands to explain in reticently cold detail how Francesco must have been running away, not attacking the police center. He had died right away. He had lived 20 seconds long to run a few meters before collapsing under an arch. The heart had continued to pulsate, the liver had filled with blood.

"Madam?" the professor says turning to the mother. "Forgive me if I must make such sad explanations." But the mother doesn't mind. She has taken up her son's briefcase and, with the heavy key to his sheltered life, the one he had in his jeans pocket, she removes a leather notebook containing communiqués with his father, a police officer.

"I understand my son. He wanted the creation of a better world, a good and generous world. These young people have enormous dreams of the future." Ten thousand students showed up for the funeral even though police banned a procession.

Fifty thousand students paraded in Italy university centers even though the family appealed for peace. "He became a symbol of the fight," says her other son, Giacomo. "The young can only fight with violence. The anger has accumulated for so long."

The press pack up their notebooks. This mother leaves taking her grief home in a middle-class Bologna suburb. Only a gap remains where a young man belongs. □

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# Mutiny on the tundra

If René Lévesque can do it, so can Charlie Watt

By David Thomas



"This," declared Charlie Watt as he surveyed the Uggoo Indians pressing in on the isolated settlement of Fort Chimo "is no longer part of Quebec." For Watt, the leader of Quebec's 4,000 Indians and the only adversary of the Park Québecois government yet to score a clean hit, that was the conclusion to his display of defiance against the province's new law that French is the language of instruction.

It had happened suddenly at the weekend when such urban old-line nationalists as Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin were letting their own linguistic emancipation. But while the cocktail glasses were clinking in the restaurants along at Quebec City and Montreal, the edges of Quebec's northern frontier had been studded with the result of a native population that Quebecois didn't even know they had. Laurin's minority plan advanced as the first of colonial policy overreaching down the St. Lawrence, ending in a sputtering mutiny. The media were digging and reporters swooped into the unlikely amphitheatre of Fort Chimo to take up their places in the chorus. The colonists they missed, were really Quebec.

And while down south English Canada was enjoying the hunting suffered by Quebec's government, another message was spreading across the northland. The past few days of Indian subversion were over.

Though Watt's declaration of independence would be hard to defend either in court or at war, it rings with enough truth to make the faint and the top third of the province they escape paying participation for a government bill on splitting away from Canada without losing guarantees of its autonomy. There is, no doubt, that the law would overwhelmingly choose to leave Quebec should Watt ever exercise his threat to call his own referendum. An advisor close to Premier René Lévesque confided: "Narby, Charlie, he's a real dragon and all that." The reasons are very simple. If Park Québecois leaves, says Quebec, it appears with infinitely more justice to the province's Indians, who, with their own language and culture, are the majority in a clearly defined territory they have occupied more than 10 times longer than the French have resided in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

By cutting off winter deliveries and keeping their children home, the Indians forced Quebec's northern schools to close. And by taking this, Quebec pull out its adminis-

Well striking the streets of Fort Chimo: the forces of counterrevolution at work

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the numerous warring Indian demands for language guarantees and "special status" that accompanied the language law are disappear. But, for the moment, the Indians' demands are the ultimate constraint on what man was not to be trusted but rather exploited. Especially the French-Indian war, the work of a party of Indians who made Fort Chimo the focal point of racial confrontation.

Pyramids of black barrels are stacked in military order along the bluff, protecting Fort Chimo's beach from the scorching wind. Spaniard from among the 100 Mi'kmaq heavy drunks could have been dispatched

only days ago—what not for their specified markings—U.S. Engineers, upstated, in fact they were shipped here in June 1870 to smooth the way for American warships. About 30 miles upstream the wild Kootenay River flows into Lillooet Bay. Fort Chimo is at the mouth of the bay, where the river becomes a narrow pass for Indian and Inuit. Now the Indians have moved south and Fort Chimo has become the missing piece of the link and the whites whose high-sounding accusations just and objective perhaps? need the long, hard surface of the Anan.

Fort Chimo seems as fragile as some space colony where low buildings from thin

walls enclose, but lonely. Together the winter-snow for a quarter of the village's 1,000 souls. When they drew their ears in, they could be on the twenty-fourth floor of a Toronto apartment tower. Insert houses, separated by a distance a roadway from those of the whites, never a bare bush or a flat topped tree, could hold two or three families.

Fort Chimo is the last stop on the 150 km road from Lillooet to the coast. The last community is Quesnel which has also all of the time presented by the local no one caused. Most Friday evenings, local men and women turn up in their co-ops to taste \$16 for a case of 24 cans before the settlement village several lights and sleepless will have buried the Quebec names and doctors, and the two regular Quebec police constables will have done what they could to restore peace. Usually, the aggression is turned toward, against wives, children and neighbors. The attacks and 40-50 cases of homicide take place the switch from snowshoes to broad bayonets and the initial imposition of a welfare economy—all within less than a year. The Indians have stuck the land with the force of a mace. The older law and which relentlessly to their offspring grow incapable of surviving of the land.

Throughout, the white was unusual with unusual deference by a people locked into a time warp whistling through from the elongated age of stone to a future nobody knows. Only now is a new generation reverting enough to a traditional wisdom of a when, not to the unenduring ways of the past but to their self-sufficiency and domain over the land. The crisis that forced Quebec to let loose of their members in the federally administered Arctic was the signature of the James Bay agreement. In return for certain lands federal powers and cash, the agreement entitles a share of the rights of Quebec natives. Negotiations for the same deal must be finalized by both a federal and provincial government by November 15, was for many years the first indication that they did not have full availability to the territory their ancestors had neither signed away nor lost in battle. And it confirmed their suspicion in Quebec and the French.

A racist doctrine for French-speaking whites can be traced back to the 1836 bankruptcy of the Hudson's Bay Company's rival trading firm, Revillon Frères. Belief that relations between the French and the white were according to some accounts better than they were with the English-speaking whites. But the disappearance of Revillon Frères may have been a coincidence and second chance without the French disappearance. Hudson's Bay Company gradually reduced the market for jobs. Now dependent on Krytox, French for food and clothing simply starved to death. The memory remains vivid, smoothed over the years by English-speaking workers, missionaries and traders who earnestly worked to minimize these exclusive practices.

During the First people of Quebec. It was in the early 1900s that Quebec decided to assert its position over the northern territory transferred to the province in 1912 and known as Northern Quebec. Responsibility for the administration of the northland and its people was delegated to the Ministry of Natural Resources, led at the time by a Liberal by name named René Lévesque. With all the difficulty of its existence, Quebec charged in to draw the map of its English place names and French some that the English hadn't even heard. The Inuit avoided the name changes, but they couldn't ignore the replacement of some by Quebec police, the transfer of welfare administration to the province and the establishment of Quebec schools operating in cooperation with federal classrooms. While the Inuit were scattered throughout the arctic communities, "We're the ones whose government comes to people were study scared," remembers Rode Grey, now one of the first Inuit to receive training at the provincially funded hospital. "Myself, I was scared. The Anglican minister's wife was head of Grol Grolles and she told in the French people could make it easy. Even the principal of the school and French people use like German or Russian and would kill us."

Quebec made some inadmissible arrangements in 1940, notably by teaching all subjects in Inuktitut during the first three



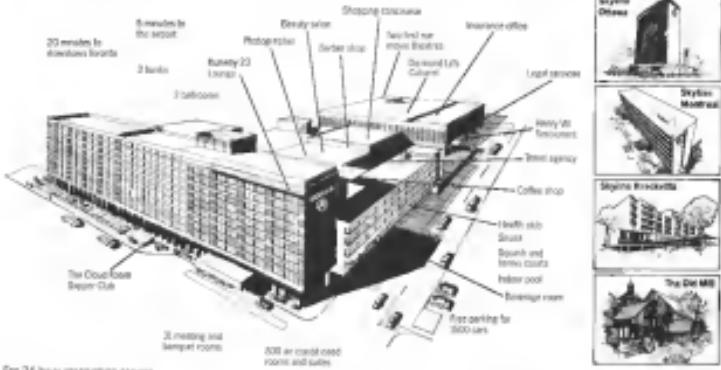
RCMP officers supervising water delivery after the cutoff in a state of emergency

years, unlike federal schools where English is the language of instruction. But the province's efforts to establish its presence came when more efficient oil wells were being dug. Within two decades Fort Chimo had been successively occupied by Amer-

ican settlers, Canadian miners, federal police and now Quebec's in words of a former Quebec administrator. "It was a classic colonial phenomenon. The association one colonizer was getting ready to leave, another was moving in."

It was during this changing of the guard, without consultation of the Inuit, that a young, overeager, idealistic, hair people

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needed political leadership of their own. When Charlie Watt decided to become a leader, first he had to create a political structure to lead. The closest thing to it at the time was a community council in Fort Chimo which had no power and was a consequence of native affirmation for federal officials. Twenty-nine years old, Charlie Watt was elected as president of the community council in 1958 and his wife began the Inuit and personal papers.

Fair-haired and fair-skinned, Watt's white blood is more obvious than his Inuit ancestry in crowded buildings where nobody would single out Charlie Watt as anything but a white. His mother, Dossie herself, half-white, crooked 89th Hudson's Bay post when she was a young girl, married her son Charlie. Myrrha says his father a Hudson's Bay factor, left before his birth and the two met only recently when mother the handsomest ayiish Watt discovered quickly "I never experienced growing up with a father and I never did." Her eyes wide and stay shyly averted but alert, they can con-

nect with the beauty of a lens focusing the sun's rays to point.

Watt lives in both worlds, in the north with his wife and kids and on the south where he is a public official in an appointed capacity to represent the north and live in white style sets him apart from most other Inuit for whom schooling was quickly abandoned in preference. "I had to learn about Dots and Jots and about figures I had never seen," Watt remembers. "You try your best to understand, but in your little head you wonder 'What is it I doing here?'" After seven years study in Fort Chimo and one on Yellowknife, Watt was sent to Kangiq, where the federal government intended to train northern natives to operate the machinery essential to their survival. But there was a problem. Most of the students couldn't understand English and none of the instructors could speak Inuktitut. "I didn't have much time to learn," Watt recalls. "I was too busy interpreting for the other Inuit. My English

wasn't too good, but no one else could translate." A year or so followed. Finally a sister in Ottawa, then keeping track of goods unloaded at a Buffalo Head raw hide station, then another supervisor. Inuktitut is a Churchill word. Everywhere, Watt became the key to communication between Inuit and white.

"I felt the country could do more than just give us autonomy to the government," he says. "It could make our people aware of changes and implement them." An Inuit was raising his voice. His complaint was the erosion of northern jurisdiction to Quebec without native input. Unconvinced to such persistence, the federal department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development summoned the venturous Watt to Ottawa for a talking to by a now retired deputy minister. "He told me he didn't like the way things were," recalls Watt. "He said only the Anglican bishop had any right to speak on behalf of the Inuit." The government then fired another eagle, he advised Watt. With a brother, "he and I came to Ottawa and we were faced with a dead end problem." The department continued by transferring him 300 kilometers up the Ungava Bay coast. During Watt's six weeks from Port Chimo, community council chief of light in George River, Watt plotted his escape, concluding in 1972 with the incorporation of the Northern Quebec Inuit Association. The Inuit had a leader, and Charlie Watt had power.

The measurements of power are evident. His office is furnished in executive chrome, occupying the upstairs corner of one of the four, cedar-paneled displays built by the local association to house its bureaucracy and staff members. It is now along Fox Chapel's highway ridge they call home, the government housing for whites and would look more in place somewhere along the Côte d'Azur, nestled in the hills of a Mediterranean cliff. The sharpest reproach is saved for the least generous of a million-dollar contribution to the construction of Baffinland's Inuit town, as well as the largest settlements. It comes from Watt and his congressional liaison, Paul Chimo and Mervyn. The Northern Quebec Inuit Association is at a straggling 6,000 members. A hefty expense account bolsters Watt's salary as president which itself is well over \$30,000. But as one of his critics caustics, "Charlie is the only person capable of doing what he is doing. And what he is doing needs to be done."

But, while he has the confidence of most northern Inuit, Watt's authority is contested by three communities of Inuit who claim large rights to cede aboriginal rights for money. It was by signing away the rights of Quebec's Inuit that Watt and his association became the trustees for about \$10 billion to be paid out in compensation over the next 20 years. Native people across Canada are worried the James Bay agreement will set a precedent precedent for the settlement of their land claims since

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Canada are a signatory to the deal between Quebec and its natives.

What Watt and Cope Indians negotiate give up for that money and take so strained has of fact is expressed with bread clearly by the first paragraph of the agreement. "It reads less like a contract than a military proclamation." The James Bay Cries and the Inuit of Quebec, bush Indians, trappers, nomads and country folk, native drama, right titles and interests, whatever they may be, is laid to the land in the document. A mere 1,250 square miles of land are reserved for the exclusive use of the Indians, who have had no title to their lands since 1970. The Indians receive more than any other Indians in Canada, averaging that much every 30 years. If even on these reserved lands Quebec retains all mineral rights and the ability to do any surveys with hydroelectric potential. The resources that could have made the North self-sufficient were handed over, and the trust of the three downstream settlements refuse to recognize the agreement's legitimacy. Though they relied with Quebec as the language dispute, some government officials consider the decision to be the second-generation resistance, the ones who will ultimately conquer the others that will be left with the wheat.

Watt defended the agreement, saying no one had ever suggested that he would have more power and political influence in the coming negotiation of the terms of the final peace of their satisfaction. It is, however, far from certain that the majority of the natives understand the agreement and its implications. Watt's power to lead without his followers having a clear notion of the terms was shown during the language dispute when one assembly called leaders referred federal unemployment insurance changes but allowed the distribution of provincial welfare benefits they were supposed to go to.

The relevance of the whole situation here by Watt is now writing. Now they are asking for a language change, which is an essential demand. And Indians who depend on oil can only grow from one element of the land agreement, the part Charlie Watt says in the last. The whole expense of board, food, rations and running water above Quebec's 350,000 people will be given over to local government. Residential agreements will include treatment which from voting, however, isn't politicians firmly in charge. Similar on paper to any municipal administration, the Native regional government is not likely to buy itself only with public works. "To survive, the local band to give everything that moved," says a word involved in the land negotiations. "They know no limit to compensation that will their drink until the last bottle goes." When they get a sense of political power, they will be just as insatiable.

This concession, which no local Charlie Watt, may in the end be a bigger threat to Quebec's dominion in the north than amalgamation of language or race.

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# The Rasky touch

Immodest? He has little to be immodest about



**Rasky** contemplates a bust of "Peggy Moon," his most recent (above) and deepest loves. **Opposite:** "Le Paradis" (right) is the source of **paradoxes** on **Gospel**.

Harry Rasky is not especially fond of admitting but he has been doing it for the better part of 30 years. In winter his 49-year-old body clings through the windows of Toronto's Central YMCA pool every noon hour. In summer he goes swimming in the lake. He drives daily from his 19th Floor penthouse in Toronto to a 19th Floor unit and drive 1.2 miles from his Toronto home in Rosedale to the Mississauga Community Swimming Pool where he swims a slow crawl and is said to swim 30 minutes and then driven home for breakfast. When he works in New York he swim nearly every day at the 67th Street Y. Harry Rasky is a creature of habit. He always swims for 15 minutes. He always swims four times. He always dresses as though he were playing an extra in a movie about old men. And every year or so he turns out another well-scribbled documentary for one television employer.

Since his return to Canada in 1972, Rasky has made films about Toronto's Weston Library, the Giverny studio of Claude Monet and Jerusalem. All have been acclaimed. His most recent work is *Honoré Clagall—The Colors Of Love*, a 90-minute salute to the Romanian painter in praise of which critics from New York to New Zealand fall over each other. Judith Crist, a long-standing admirer, raved: "glowing, a rare life" and stayed a week to re-explore of Rasky's work at her Tarrytown studio. Film juries in Los Angeles and San Francisco con-

ferred awards. And there is growing word that *Moussia* (top) will win at least one Academy Award nomination, and possibly the Oscar itself.

A more singular development will unfold this month as Rasky's 10th opus at night, *Gospel*, premieres at the annual film festival in Locarno, Switzerland. It has already played to sold-out audiences in six American cities, including a sold-out run of New York's Little Carnegie that drew 30,000 people. In the 25-year history of the festival, indeed in the entire history of TV on the continent, no film made for the medium—no drama or entertainment special, no news documentary—has ever been given subsequent theatrical release. Rasky's *Moussia* (top) was merely a temporary inconvenience, nothing for new releases.

This is a small achievement.

For their tenth wedding anniversary in 1972, Ruth Anne Workhouse (Rasky's wife)—she has a poster of Mary Chagall's *Peggy Moon* and a framed photo of the couple in a 1940s-style wedding dress—had him painted by a documentary painter named Chagall who was 90. He had been painting for 70 years. He was universally known almost universally loved, and whatever one thought of his work as art it was uniformly beautiful to look at. Harry decided to go to her.

Accompanying a film festival in Monte Carlo, Rasky took an unannounced side trip to Chagall's chateau in St. Paul-de-Vence in the south of France. He knocked at the door

of an unfriendly servant informed him that Moussia Chagall was not at home to receive him, indeed. A large dog sniffed Harry's belt.

It ought to be said early on that Harry Rasky does not acknowledge (although he had managed to see, among others, David Ben-Gurion, Haile Selassie, the Royal House of Sweden, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Fidel Castro and Martin Luther King Jr.) that Marc Chagall refused to see him was merely a temporary inconvenience, nothing for new releases.

Back in Toronto, Rasky called powerful friends in New York people with an aversion to Chagall. None felt close enough to play the go-between. Other avenues led to no avail. Finally, some months later, Rasky might have concluded a very simple lesson. That conclusion did not occur to Harry Rasky. He is a nonstop. His demonstrably nonlinear narrative technique began to fight him now, just dogged and persistent and absolutely relentless in pursuit of what he wants. He did not call a stop to a day's shooting and every last sunless angle had been covered. He was still busy writing his final script and he has enhanced all relevant footage from his library and steeped himself in the lit-



erature in his subject, poring over books and commentaries like a theologian scholar and baring friends and associates with his acquired expertise.

At length, an Israeli government tourism official suggested that Rasky try contacting Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem. Kollek was a good friend with Chagall already knew Rasky's work—a fraction of whom, including *New Year* in Jerusalem hangs in Harry's office wall—and so and before he happened to be visiting Tel Aviv and staying at the Inn on the Park under an assumed name, Rasky called the hotel and asked for the room the mayor of Jerusalem was occupying. Harry added to see him, Harry answered. Harry added to see him, "In living rooms," and "I'm busy today," the mayor said back. "But I have time at 3 p.m. What would you like for breakfast?"

Harry's producer breakfast flew with the mayor led to an exchange of correspondence. Kollek wrote to Chagall, praising Harry's work. Harry wrote to Chagall asking whether he would consent to appear in the film. Madame Yava Chagall, the painter's wife, wrote back urging Harry to come for a visit that she made no commitments on behalf of her husband.

Undeterred, Harry Rasky flew to France, taking a full car crew with him. They went directly from the airport to Chagall's home. The servant smiled. The waiting dog was silent. Rasky watched *New Year* in Jerusalem, which includes a long segment devoted to Chagall's stained-glass windows at the Hadassah Medical Centre. The artist was pleased.

"Making this film will help me live longer and less," he said. "Of course the film is original. Chagall is complicated."

"Remarkable really."

"Well, perhaps I will for your cameras. But I won't talk."

Harry and nothing.

"But first I must go to Switzerland for 10 days. You will wait for me?"

Harry waved. He shot paintings in the Chagall museum in Nice. He shot landscapes. He shot seascapes. Finally Madame Chagall enfolded. "We are home. Come at 3 p.m."

Harry was nervous. The sky was overcast. What if it rained? What if Chagall changed his mind? What if Rasky got lost? To talk? A \$300,000 film and the man won't talk—who needs it? Chagall walked out into his garden. He seemed in good spirits. The sun punctured the clouds. The sun looked around.

"Where do I sit?" he said.

"Sofa?"

"Don't you want me to talk?" Film crews have seldom moved so far to light a set.

Harry Rasky is the fourth son of the late Louis and Pearl Rasky, who emigrated to Toronto from Kiev in the early 1920s and set up house in the back room of the Mackay Street synagogue near Buffers





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Rinky has been a kind of mentor for Rasky—certainly its reception was unlike that accorded any previous work. Every day, it seemed, there were new inquiries, calls from Madison, Wisconsin, or Portland, Oregon, calls from people who had heard about the film and tracked down a Rasky to ask whether they would see. They could. With Tassina, however, Marty Koffler, Rasky had formed a company to buy distribution rights from the U.S. and to market the film around the world.

He worked on his work, continuing a permanent record, a legacy for future generations. "I want these films to have a endless life," he said. "so that if you want to know Chagall and his relationship to his work you will turn to this film. I would constantly feel I had missed something if everything I did disappeared after I disappeared."

Rasky is quite deliberate about it. He works in television because it reaches the widest possible audience. He has big name stars because that helps him survive. He makes 90-minute films when it's easier possible because it television a 90-minute show is more important than a 60-minute show. And he always gets after the Big Subject themes with international appeal. *Nostra Aetate* emphasized the story of the bible itself. If the Dome of the Rock could survive for 1,000 years, so might Harry Rasky.

With the same meticulous enterprise with which he approached Max Chagall, Rasky permitted his film and himself. Because he knew not his need to launch to tell all these the inside story of his latest project. He wrote letters thanking them for kind and thoughtful reviews. He graciously took stock of pasties to these efforts with media heavyweights. And he surprised a five-page surveillance visit that began "Harry Rasky is a man for all media." It noted the release of three unpublished novels, one unproduced screenplay and quoted John Leonard, the celebrated New York Times columnist as saying, "Rasky is doing better work than anyone in Los Angeles and New York."

Rasky's promotional energies aroused his colleagues. They looked at the burgeoning at the Little Carnegie Theatre, which read HARRY RASKY'S HOMAGE TO CHAGALL, and they smiled. They forgave his excesses. They learned to accept them as they had learned to admire his propensity for never having a editor in his pocket when there was nothing to be bought. Of course some people thought it was a bad idea. Harry's personal assets. By implication, the same people do not look along his body of other talents as drama, too and writer. Rasky is, like, says it a creative producer—little more given actions free rein in interpreting their

roles. His surplus consists largely of other writings, the plays of Williams and Shaw, the poetry of Lorca and Chagall. Biblical and historical exhaust. His own prose is mind to purple. He relies heavily on his cameraman, Ken Gregg, his editor, Alia Saade and his composer, Alan Applebaum. Saade is particularly indispensable.

In fact, Harry Rasky—including those who are simply jealous of his talent or his budget or the clout that permits him to spend more than a year on a single 90-minute film—contributes to the literature as modest and to film technique as seriously momentous. He is a purveyor he identifies



Rasky and Chagall at the latter's home, perusing a sketch of art by a participant of artist.

popular subjects perform magic, to win their cooperation and put it all together with solid camerawork, excellent acting, brilliant editing and a fresh musical score. Few would call it Art. But in the vast wasteland of commercial television it is a flourishing oasis.

Rasky himself regards this theory straight—"Writing isn't just words," he insists. "It's not just the narrative hookup of various thoughts. It's visual and emotional, the entire fabric of a script. As for directing, I know more about the workings of a camera than nine out of 10 directors. (Ken Gregg doesn't do anything without my approval.) Indeed, the very great directors have all come out of documentary—Raoul Ruiz, John Schlesinger.

"I think my greatest strength is the total linking of the three talents—writing, directing and producing. Some producers have no creativity. Some very good screenwriters can't work with actors. I do all of those things. Not only to have the director go to Max Chagall and to get him, but also to go to him in a human way, to know how to film around him, how to talk with the narrative. Everything must be orchestrated."



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Kahlua. The coffee liqueur that made coffee liqueurs famous around the world.

Harry Rasky has always been his own best audience but he has quite a few loyalists in this crowd. Little Bernards, author of *Taste Of Plenty*, regards Rasky's work as "truly impressive" and says Rasky himself is "an important agent" in the evolution of the documentary. Toronto Sun columnist Bob Blackburn—one of Canada's best TV critics—considers Rasky one of the two most important documentarians in the country—his other candidate being Rasky's old teacher.

Rasky's name card is less inspiring: "I respect his intelligence," says Sam Ariani, Ken Geng's "Despero" appetizer to the contrary. Geng says Rasky is aware of everything happening on a set and quickly responds if he sees or hears anything he doesn't like. His editor, Arla Stare, with whom he worked at the CBC in the early Fifties, doubts whether there could be a more ideal person to work with. She says they have quarreled scarcely once—during the filming of *Chagall*.

"Harry wanted music played over James Mason's reading of a Chagall poem. It was about the Crucifixion and I thought there would absolutely destroy the effect of the reading. Well, I was in the control room and Harry was on the floor and when we reached that segment I said 'Keep the music down' and Harry raised his palms upward and said 'Bring up the music.' Nothing happened. Bring up the music." Harry repeated the request again. "I went down and I said 'Harry, can you have that music if you want it? But you won't have it now. Because I'm going to walk out and that's done.' Well, I got up and he followed and he finally gave in—not very easily. But then he told me that a New York reviewer had written that we must have been strongly inspired to use music over the poem and how well we had been to resist the temptation. He didn't have to tell me."

For a very long time, Harry Rasky can solidered *Hanging To Chagall* beyond critical adulation, the perfect sentimental insight and language, film and narrative. But in its poised, he began to notice one or two things that did not seem quite right. Starting major nothing, he would go back and change just a slight few or two in construction or perspective. He seemed gamely pleased by this discovery, as though it signified something more than the mere absence of absolute perfection. For just as it is characteristic of Barthes to insist that there is "nothing perfect," so too is it characteristic of his friend that he is perfectly open for personal growth and improvement. His work continues to this day. The *Pikering Man* (1966), an archaeology of Berlin and interviews with philosopher/charlatans, Bill and Arnel Duran, are recent examples. And his big plan, for documentary pictures on Seal Tallow and Alexander Solzhenitsyn?

Harry Rasky's 49 years of life will look toward—perhaps another quarter century of productive film making. He would not do to much perfection just yet. One does not want to peak too soon.

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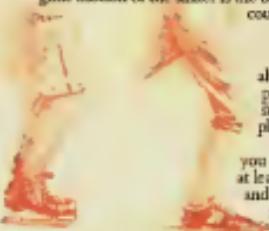
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# The next Canadian hero

Catching up—figuratively—with Gilles Villeneuve

Gilles Villeneuve's frustration is as palpable as the pungent odor of burnt brake pads that his sellers over the track at Trois-Rivières, Quebec. It's

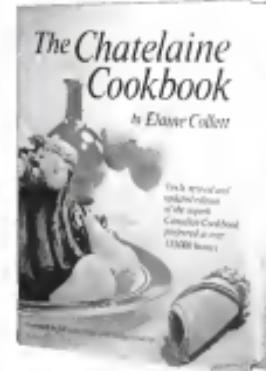
a sunny early September day, the drop-pointing end of the race in the Molson's Grand Prix, which the 25-year-old-driving superior swept last year. He should have won this one, instead, it's a race that will go down as the last of eight he's been involved in since he had a disastrous

By Michael McHugh

second lead on the next car. Then two American drivers, Gregg Young and David Gurney, shunted into each other and there was a collision with a roar. Villeneuve lost his precious lead as all the cars lined up in order behind a yellow pace car. With the tempo gone, his engine faltered and two cars passed. When he attempted to take the second one, he spun in a desperate skid. He



Villeneuve passing into Turn 1—and successfully—of the race (bottom); the first of his last



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fished fourth, locking his brakes in rage. Villeneuve steps out of his dark blue Cira-Ann car, a muscular geyser, a compact jockey controlling 300 horses instead of one. Slowly, because of sheer exhaustion, he removes his helmet, slowly stretched from other races, sweat and crashes. The temperature of his fireproof suit allows him to do so. He walks around his car—the only car in racing history to expand while he drives. The man is covered by fireproof long johns, reinforced socks and a double layered driving suit with mid-arm length sleeves. He has lost five pounds in sweat, enclosed in a cockpit where the temperatures sometimes go up

to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. And he's blown it after two days of tinkering with the engine and studying the temperature readings of his tires, all because of another driver's error. But here he is, still talking about the "last second," about pushing it harder and harder, still saying, "When you're reaching your limit, you know it because you're hot." I am sick of the words. If the world would be five feet shorter, I'd see these three items."

Talking it is the limit, despite the many losses along the way in the determined drive of this young hot rodster from Beauvaisville, Quebec. In the past four years he has gone from being a champion

motorcycle racer to Canadian National Driving Champion driving Formula Atlantic and is now launching a career in the big leagues—Formula One racing in the Grand Prix circuit. He did so well last year—he was one out of 10 to be started, even beating world champion James Hunt, a regular Formula One driver—that Team McLaren signed him for this year's Grand Prix series. On July 16, he'll be behind the wheel of the No. 23 McLaren in Silverstone, England, for the British Grand Prix, the first Formula 1 race to roar a Formula One. He floated elegantly after ironing out difficulties with the car ("The car was vicious. It wasn't predictable and it could easily get away from me"), and "the boy" was lauded by the London Times as "young's brightest new star."

McLaren didn't take up the option to keep Villeneuve on contract, but Ferrini, one of the world's longest racing teams, quickly snatched him up. He went from a Formula championship team to this year's championship team all in one summer. His first appearance in a Formula was at Mosport October 9 for the Grand Prix of Canada, where once again frustration was the winner. He spun twice and came seventh, resigned at having to leave the glory to a car owned by Montreal industrialist Walter Wolf.

Frustration has never stopped Villeneuve. He remembers going to the races at St. Denis, outside Montreal, and getting wet. "In those years racing was expensive. It looked like you needed a lot of money to practice. I thought the only drivers I could practice with were the professionals. I thought I was poor. When you are on the other side of the track there's the most pleasant thing to say is 'Get me mad' and a guy who had the money to do it but not the talent. So I never went back to races until I started racing myself." Now, he has four seasons of Formula Atlantic racing behind him. (Formula Atlantic cars are similar to the Formula Two cars used in Europe, single-seat, open-wheel machines powered by 1,600 c.c. Ford Cosworth engines engines where winning drivers trade for positions in the Grand Prix.) But at least he's been lucky. It takes between \$70,000 and \$100,000 to run a season properly and in the past few years that has been hard for drivers to find the money. Villeneuve's first season was a disaster. He finished his first race third. In the second race, the engine blew up. The third time out, he spun off onto the weeds. In the fourth race he went into the wall head-on in Mosport in a bad crash and broke his left leg. A month later, he drove at Mosport in a full-leg cast, fluctuating mood. The season ended and he was broke. He was forced to sell his home to pay off the debts. But he still had one thing going for him: He was a very talented snowmobile racer good enough to be the World Champion of snowmobiling in 1974. That explains why he is as such from physical form. He is al-



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were racing something. He continued an interview of '75 in a very tight budget. We started talking places in advance, asking for appearance money. He started winning more and more races. For him, it was the best decision that he ever made. He was on the map running around and his name was all over there."

Stereosonic, a now mobile company under fresh management, wanted to reprise its success through racing. The film thought Villeneuve could help sell more machines. After many discussions, Stereosonic made a deal with Villeneuve with one condition: Villeneuve said, "If you want me, you sponsor my car racing too." He didn't

know what he asked for but he did get enough to race in the summer season. That year he won his first Formula Atlantic race. Also, after all, the hills had been paid, he had broken even. He was no longer in the red.

The following year, Stereosonic paid even more money into the car and so on. He won nine out of 18 races. It was a driver's dream come true. But his most important win was at the Grand Prix of Trois-Rivières. He beat off the imported Grand Prix drivers. That included James Hunt of England, then-to-be world champion. That one win opened everybody's eyes to his driving potential. Villeneuve had a success to his team manager, Ray Wardell

"Without him I would have never won all those races last year and I would not have had my contract with McLaren. If I wasn't the driving, because I do my own driving. He taught me more, the thinking of it, the way of setting up a car and how to identify and solve a problem."

Every minute that Villeneuve is away from the car, it is being worked on by his team of mechanics. Other open drivers pay so much attention to keep the equipment in top form. The work for the mechanics is not complicated, it is tedious. If you look at a machine, the most visible attributes are its hands. They are dirty but they are never inactive. The gap of most mechanics is that they never fully move from one car to another while working before they receive another engine gear. Villeneuve no longer considers himself a race driver. "When I first started racing, I used to do all my own work on the car. I liked it but I couldn't afford anything else. Now, I don't want to touch the car. Sure, maybe to turn the push button. Things like changing an engine or whatever. No way can you drive well and be your own mechanic. You've got tired."

When Villeneuve is racing, every time he brings his car back into the pit for consolidation or if he needs to improve, the Glendale test crew takes temperature readings with a special device. He samples on the outer and outer edges of each of the four tires. Then he writes all the numbers

on a little diagram and gives it to Villeneuve. What this tells him is the way the car is handling. Too much oversteer or understeer will cause the tires to have too much heat distribution across the surface of the tires. When the tires are oversteered, the inner edge gets the maximum weight to try to balance things out. The tires work well only within a certain temperature band. When you put your hand on them, they feel like a hot grocery bag sidewalk. Early set of tires cost about \$1350. Villeneuve will use three different sets before he finds that last second which will give him the pole position for the race.

When Villeneuve wakes up in the morning of a race, he lets his mind wander and dream about the race. To see where he can make mistakes and where he can improve.

What does a driver experience when he starts? Picture yourself strapped to a hockey puck on a simple platform moving toward the corner of the air. Instincts are packed into the success of the cockpit to keep you alive. Instincts against your faculties. You might imagine driving as the driver of a married passenger in a wedding car with his vehicle. The goal post freshly drawn clear in reality the corner of a bridge statement. Toward the periphery of your vision the ribbon of a gravitational catcher that runs like a million fish scales spinning lengthwise over and below you. Decelerating abruptly, the energy of the pack transfers to the string stretching and you feel the shoulder straps



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that severe pain to the ear tightens—slowing down from 100 miles an hour to near zero is a matter of inches because the bones are not efficient. You have been so fatigued toward the completion of a race that it's not uncommon for you to have your left-hand head when you have home. You have to wait until the next acceleration picks it up and backbones you can sit.

You are feeling more very powerful sensations and the experiments you are dealing with are far from similar to those subjected to a hockey puck; the velocities change continuously from player to player, short scrappy strides and long, fast

graceful passes and sometimes they actually fly. A crash—what is it like to crash at speed? During a short learning/long for crash things appear to slow down. You watch the object that you are about to hit with a clarity that is not happening normally that you can't respond in time. Already the mind is confused, what were writing—trier or mechanical failure? Legs and arms and the cognitive are tensed incomplete contractions—and usually one phrase is shouted at the moment of impact—"All else?"

In a lot of ways, this is just the beginning for Villeneuve. As the end of September he

went on to win the Labor's Series for the second year in a row after the disappointment at Team-Riviera. But now that he is replacing World Champion Ayrton Senna, who left for Formula 1 in August, Villeneuve is going to have to deal with all the politics and pressure that Formula 1 is notorious for. Villeneuve says, "I am not going to get involved in politics. I just want to make a good race car." He was talking about his racing career, but he will need to if to get through the political event of Grand Prix racing. And while he is fast enough, Villeneuve will also have to cope with the ruthless drivers that produce perhaps like the one at the Canadian Grand Prix. Says Bill Beck, who is one of Canada's top drivers, "Villeneuve is a slow driver. I know he won't drive you off the track. He does it's almost impossible to catch him." Villeneuve summed up his own lineup position in this particular meet for himself. "This is a dream come true for me. Now I have to prove that I found it." □

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# The World

## Seven minutes that shook the world—and helped to make it a safer place

It was all over in seven minutes. After a Friday odyssey of terror and just one hour and a half before the entry of a hijacked Boeing 60 of the West German Lufthansa airline, 60 men of the so-called West German Left Wing anti-social squad burst into a Lufthansa Boeing 737 on the tarmac, swooping at Mogadishu, Somalia. What they emerged shortly after three of the four passengers were dead. But all 88 hostages were alive.

Both the fast foot— and the worldwide rejoicing that greeted it— revealed last year's quality during Israeli operation at Entebbe, in Uganda, which saved the lives of 103 hostages. And though the outcome was swiftly delayed by controversy over the deaths in the West German jail of three members of the Baader-Meinhof gang and the murder in reprisal of American hostage Henry-Martin Schlegel, those events could not be seen as the real aftermath of the Mogadishu drama.

The similarity between that operation and the Entebbe sweep was more than coincidental. Members of the West German death squad profiting from the Israeli example had re-borrowed the attack successfully first, raiding an armful of their own and slaying their quarry at several of the six stopovers en route to a rendezvous point in the Middle East. But there was one significant difference, a precision that may well eventually make hijacking on a grand scale as opposed to acts by individual madmen, too expensive for the leaders. The West Germans went into Mogadishu with full knowledge and full approval of the local government. If other governments follow the Somalia example in letting foreign death squads on their soil,

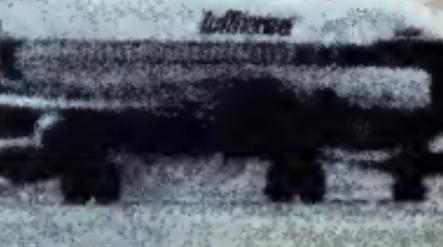
and the success at Mogadishu makes this highly probable, future hijackers may find themselves nowhere to go.

Another fact to emerge is that several of the countries most at risk—the United States among them—now have their own anti-hijack strike groups although their existence has been carefully concealed—as the Mogadishu recent showed. Few members of the public knew about Unit Nine, a 118-man group formed in the wake of the Munich Olympics massacre five years ago and trained since at a cost of \$42 million in hand-to-hand combat and the latest anti-terrorist techniques.

Fewer still knew that the Japanese also have secretly trained an anti-hijack unit—and intended to use it to foil the recent snatching of Japan Air Lines DC-8

over India. In the end, the Japanese—so worldwide tourists had to release 880000 tourists and hand over 10 million dollars in cash to obtain freedom for the more than 150 hostages taken by the so-called Japanese Red Army. But the story might have ended very differently if the Bangladesh government had been as helpful to the Japanese as the Somalis were to the Germans. The Japanese were preparing to strike, while the airliner waited on the tarmac, at Dhaka the Bangladeshi capital, when Chief Marshal Law

The body of pilot Jean-Pierre Schumacher being recovered from the 737 after under terrorist control at the time, in Somalia (bottom), and some of the freed 88 passengers (below) a new rule is in effect



Administrator Zin or Rahmen intervened so that no bloodshed would be allowed on East-West rail under any circumstances. Even then the Japanese did not go far. According to the newspaper, "Afterwards the Japanese planes filled their transports with incendiary bombs and plane off" the railway in an attempt to destroy it and prevent kickoff (an exact repetition of the same tactic while at Duyon, avenged terrorist survivors and cost the life of the pilot of the German hijacked plane).

Japanese Red Army terrorists recently promised stepped-up activities against the imperial family and the 300 bourgeois families having property of more than 10 billion yen (\$400 million) each. "If they carry out their threats they will find the special force waiting from their recent setback, waiting for them. Sooner than later, will future liquidators. At least after Mikadoshita, rebels can no longer count on being safe wherever they turn down."

DAVID NORTH

## Vietnam

### **O what a lovely peace!**

MacLean's correspondent Ian McEwan, who covered the Vietnam War for the London Daily Mail, returned recently in simple rural atmosphere of the country. Here is an extract:

At the Ria nightish in the centre of Saigon, now known as Ho Chi Minh City, a troupe of barefoot girls undulates around a circular stage in what looks impressively like a Western nightclub. Of course, it sounds like a bad thought. What they are really doing, an official explains, is performing the dance of the Vietnamese National Monument.

However, that is not the only contrast the Ria, formerly the U.S. Officers' Club, offers to the ravages of revolutionary and anti-imperialist songs that are the staple refrain of foreigners in Saigon. Vietnam. Another act breaks two lighted oil-lampered boy magicians. You have aged 13, and Phap, eight, who look suspiciously like two of the city's former pack-puppets.

Thus a woman singer, standing stiffly in silence did my a drug called I was she Ho Chi Minh monument, and the evening did end with the conventional singing of Versace. Ho Chi Minh the Vietnamese revolutionary song, that the geriatric time of the show, it shocked the Communists, whoing the group of West Germans was when I was writing that they promptly sued for a political meeting with the city's director, a former North Vietnamese reporter who had covered the Paris peace talks. The there was not polite, they held him.

More than two years after the fall (or liberation) of Saigon, the now-awarded country's leaders in Hanoi, provincial, naval, and porters—are learning that the absorption of Ho Chi Minh City—an bust, international, entrepreneurial and



The boy's amputee—shrapnel wounds destroyed his legs—are a reminder of the war; his smile a reminder that it's over; he lies the beach rocks at the mouth of the Blue-Muddy Mekong River

The official response is one shod of that

Another response is one shod of that by diplomats in Hanoi, as there were no evidence of man regime. Individual stories are being told but, come perchance the horizon, going on in Cambodia, the Vietnamese solution so far has been. However, a relative humidity. There are an estimated 150,000 former South Vietnamese soldiers still in re-education camps. They are living in conditions that are extremely primitive and may never leave the brutal.

Again, 700,000 people have left Ho Chi Minh City for their native villages, or to work in the new economic zones in the countryside and will have to leave. All are described officially as voluntary.

united but throughout the South the emphasis is on reconstruction through hard, physical work. Yet reconstruction has not yet begun and thousands of small, private businesses continue to operate in the cities.

Western diplomat say Hanoi's slogan for the South—"by education you become master of society and production"—suggests that for the time being change will continue to be slow. But there is a strong feeling in Hanoi that would like to apply a Cambodian style root-and-branch treatment. It may yet come to that, but for the moment the girls at the Ria continue to dance in Saigon's old familiar tone.

## ULSTER

### **The Quiet Man**

When Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan, Ulster's "peace women," came forward in Oslo on December 10 to accept the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize, the world they see will almost certainly have been typified by a sense of quiet. Japanese portable belonging to Captain McKenna, a bearded 36-year-old Catholic. Many insiders believe McKenna should easily be up there on the platform with them, sharing the \$140,000 prize money.

This is anyone connected with the Ulster peace movement contacted in Belfast. For the present, behind the scenes, of McKenna is only one of the many members of the Corrigan's 50-strong group which have led such actions of Ulster since to question the wisdom of the Nobel Peace Prize in awarding them a peace. Most of the doomsday centre on the assessment's lack of tangible success, despite a \$155,000 headquarters (a house in Belfast's Lagan Road), full-time staff and fundraising efforts in the United States and on the European continent.

The link breeding Belfast from McKenna, a sort of nonviolent Guy Goma, says his self-sacrifice and abnegation in terms of his belief that "Betty and Mairead's emotional world would have been disrupted if Ulster's cynical had been able to say that the new girls were only fronting for a professional propagandist." But now the peace people have a Nobel in their trophy cabinet and about \$550,000 in project funds to distribute, with perhaps eight times as much money on the way and this peace-making philosopher who played Henry Higgins to the peace Indian Eliza Doolittle, feels it is now to emerge



Corrigan (left) and Williams displaying our newest set of peace prizes, and McKenna, unposed, reflected in the background

down along about your beliefs. So I quit the paper.

It must have been a tough decision for a married father of five and, since August, 1976, he says he has been working on a total of about \$5,000. He does not earn a salary, but has an independent grant from a Norwegian peace group for about \$14,000 and has received the first half of that funds, McKenna says. He decided not to draw a specific peace salary because "I felt it didn't seem anyone could or wanted the organization to feel I was finding off its success." Now he's beginning to think he made a mistake. "People don't appreciate what they don't pay for."

The status of McKenna's gesture and his bravado about his position. He has lived well over a year of his life in a marginal state. Yet today he finds himself an outsider, looking in, where the kudos, awards and cash are being shied. His disillusion is compounded by the realization that it is beginning to cloud the image of the movement. McKenna is briefly described as "weakly, philosophically irrelevant and impractical in the grim reality of day to day life in Ulster." Community centres, infant clinics, projects, youth clubs have all been renamed, say the critics, but have been imposed on the stage between planning and execution. Volunteers have left the fold complaining about an entrenched "personality cult."

McKenna's success does not seem to have been mainly on the international plane. Eighty percent of the funds received come from abroad. His major donor has been helping to choke off the flow of funds into parliamentary coffers from Irish tax-payers on both sides in the United States and Canada.

This largely a perfectly made job. McKenna's lady, powerfully built before, helping Northern Ireland's problem, he feels, a just way first step toward solving on the island of the whole world. How far he has progressed in that grand plan? McKenna points to the (unfondable) flat



that there is less violence in Ulster than before the peace people started. But in this due to their efforts or, as he argues, to police efficiency and an IRA cease-fire? Not everyone is as sure of the answer as the No-bill committee.

ARTURO GOLDEMBERG

## THE U.S.

### The new color barrier

Allen Bakke, 31, is a dedicated neophyte. He doesn't want to cause trouble, but he's proved right about public policy and now he is about to become a victim. A series of protests at the center of America's most significant racial controversy were Alabama Governor George Wallace blocking the schoolhouse door. This time, however, the argument is more subtle.

A middle-class white, scrupulous carpenter from California, Bakke is steering "reverse discrimination." He says through his lawyer, he gave no impression that he was refused a place in the University of California's medical school while 16 blacks or otherwise "disadvantaged" students with lower qualifications were admitted. "Minorities" are given special preference in most American professional schools. The way Bakke's lawyer sees it, the university is offering privileged status and so doing a minority violating both the 14th Amendment to the Constitution and the Civil Rights Act of 1964. To evade the act, "Allegedly," he said, "we had to be free from discrimination or segregation of any kind on the ground of race, color, religion or national origin." By law, status confi-



Bakke: a question of majority rights

rance, reputation, race or color of a state or any agency thereof.

Bakke took the university to court. The case reached though to the highest legal authority in California, where they and the university's "quasi" system for minorities was unconstitutional. The university appealed to the Supreme Court and the protests are due to commence next year.

The Bakke case offers simple but momentous questions if the court rules outright for Allen Bakke. It will provide a precedent which could and would be used to delay and rights programs for decades. The case may never be heard in the Supreme Court.

Only this month the Commission on Civil Rights convened a full-scale black task force to study outside the building warning a plaudit which read: "We will not go back." It was a sign of trouble to come if the court should quash each application.

WILLIAM LORINER

### Never mind what they do, watch what they say

Democrats often talk with forked tongues. What they mean is often hidden by what they say. To understand how code requires shadowing in the language of obscenity, the substance of ambiguity. One of the reasons why the superpowers' efforts to reconvene a Geneva conference on the Middle East did not have immediate impact was that the codes were confused.

A joint communiqué produced by the United States and the Soviet Union spoke of the Palestinians' "legitimate rights." Previously, Washington had always referred to Palestinian interests and the Soviets to "national rights." Why? There had been no compromise—or had there?

In the old code, interests signified that the Palestinians wanted a homeland on Israel's borders; while, national rights indicated that they should have such a home. Israel interpreted the new communiqué as meaning that America had given to the Palestinians a 10-day grace period to withdraw. President Carter and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan face-to-face—no one pier the dilemma. Even



fully Dayan was persuaded that the new code only implied that the Palestinians ought to be present in some form in Geneva.

But the humor is served to highlight the power and importance of diplomatic language. As Palestinian rights fighters the issues of Majority rule, access to the white regiments of Rhodesia and both Africa with its panoply of black despots. Diplomacy is characterized by the code that would then go directly to one of your political sherpas. But the shades of meaning can sometimes be very close, as I have learned in the ways East and West relate to each other.

WILLIAM LORINER

Civil Rights showed that black unemployment relative to white has increased steadily over the past decade until it is now more than twice as bad.

Forty percent of black teenagers are out of school and can't find jobs; the median black family income lags 35,500 behind that of whites, and in certain professions (medicine, law and engineering) blacks, who make up 11% of the population, have only 2.7%, 3.1% and 10% representation.

Archibald Cox, former attorney general who represented that university in case, says this unless the university continues to take the initiative, "black-owned" re-education and make room for the son of the "died-and-gone-to-nineties" the trend will go unchecked.

What is going to happen? The two Supreme Court judges are aware that a vote against the university's need program would end the so-called "affirmative action scheme," which gives the minorities hope in a wide range of jobs as well as universities. Housing and better housing subsidies too would be threatened.

Then the betting is Washington is that the court will rule that strict " quotas" for minorities are illegal. This would also necessitate to admit the "disadvantaged"—so long as they do not set themselves or minority figures. But it might not choose to fudge, the issue in this way.

As the Superior Court convened a full-scale black task force to study outside the building warning a plaudit which read: "We will not go back." It was a sign of trouble to come if the court should quash each application.

WILLIAM LORINER

To the negotiations under way in Vienna over mutual裁军 reduction in Central Europe.

The West calls them the "mutual and balanced force reduction" measures, while the East has more troops in the area and believes the use of the word balanced implies that it should make larger reductions. So it is mutual force reduction talks, or even that mutated some well-aligned European countries to speak of this as M.F.R. talks. The diplomats even have a code to predict what they say to journalists. At the State Department in Washington, the daily briefings given by the Secretary or his speechman are always delivered under one of four headings:

If the media are met, "off the record" it means they can quote by name. Information is given "off the record" if it must not be reported at all. It is "on background" if it can be used but the quote must be attributed only to a government official—and not to anyone by name.

"Deep background" indicates that journalists must not quote anyone directly but can use the information in writing their news. I mean, "No record" is a kind of straight talk leads to oblivion. But most diplomacy is one-on-one where it may be fully not to judge.

WILLIAM LORINER

# People



Aretha from being one of the most sensational female singers of our time to the most successful in one respect, her last five albums have each sold more than one million copies, a record. **Aretha Franklin** is also



Martin: what a friend he has in Elvis

the presence of Christ. I hope the will let me run awhile and then give our audience job somewhere else." He's also looking forward to meeting at least one other famous personality up there. **Elvis Presley**. "I believe I will see him in heaven. Elvis was a deeply religious man, especially in the last two or three years."

A whole generation of Americans has grown up admiring knowing no other player than **Stephen King**. For 21 unimpeded years he's painted his idiosyncratic scenarios bizarre (he once joined a posse group to save an old elm tree that had been condemned by his own engineering department board of polons). Taste and flavor have made him a national figure, and it's gratifying to know that even his cut from the scene enhances, rather than diminishes, the legend. John had announced he would run again, and I scared off—as he intended it would—three would-be bona-fide candidates. When



this year's version of the Great North American Sit Symbol, it's a role the 31-year-old star has an ingrained avowance relationship with chronicling it—"I don't know how good a sex symbol I am, but I think I'm good at being sexy," she said in *New Times*—and getting buzzed by its admirers, and back-handed references with everybody from California Governor Jerry Brown to Rock Legend *Elton John*. *Billy Martin*'s (Hollywood gossip columnist) wife, Iris, always off with everybody's husband. Some of them I don't even know. I keep saying I wish I had as much as bad as I get in the newspapers."

By his own figuring, **Billy Martin** is going to die soon and go directly to heaven (probably passing on nor collecting \$200). As might be expected, the 85-year-old estate guru is looking forward to the prospect. "I will be glad to get away from the pressure under which I live every day and get into

World, Ken Galachuk and John Gee, John wanted none of them to his interview. Then at the last minute, on October 7, Julia walked into the city clerk's office and withdrew. It was an odd thing to do, but being something even older, he really doesn't want to leave office, and so far has given no palpable reason for so doing.

Back in June *Yankovic* manager **Billy Martin** grappled **Roggie Jackson** out of sight for failing to lead after a ball hit out that way and tried to grab him into a fight in the dugout. Jackson went on to lead the Yankees to the American League East Championship. Martin pulled Jackson out of the trap in the last game of the play-offs with Kansas City. Jackson just had a key single to win the game, but when he was led out in an emergency, he still would never report for *Billy Martin* again.

The war continues in the World Series. Jackson probably rebuked Martin, for using *Elton John* in the fourth game, and Martin responding by saying *Elton Jackson* could "kick my Dogoo ass." Then, of course, Jackson clubbed three homers in the last game, 1st, 4th, 5th, and 9th, setting hitting records and became *Everybody's Hero*—Martin's. After the game, Martin and Jackson were talking and Martin was, as usual, talking about punishing somebody (not *Roggie* this time) and Jackson said: "Anybody fights me, step's he's got to fight the both of us." To which Martin replied: "And anybody who fights you got to fight the both of us." And I love grand.

Martin and Jackson seem a harsh world

# Business

The Great Rush of '77

By Suzanne Zwarun



C Air flight 23 to Prince George, Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse isn't scheduled to leave for 45 minutes but the late throng of people at the Vancouver passenger gate won't be on it. "For sure, the plane'll full," a night-logged clerk keeps repeating. The group itself may not fully believe it—supervisors G K Ireland already closed down an air traffic controller who is complaining that the entire Fort Nelson service system will close down tomorrow unless he gets to Fort Nelson.

A lot of people heading north to the Alaska Highway are getting bumpy off planes this fall despite early flights. "We've been big for weeks," behind signs. "Every flight is full and most are overbooked. Everybody's heading north with a one-way ticket and a dream in their pocket."

The traffic and the dreams are fueling impossible fantasies about a postive rush to equal the Gold Rush of '98. A Vancouver newspaper claims hundreds of people are sleeping in their vans in north-

ern British Columbia and police fear people will freeze to death. Northern residents talk about a man supposedly wandering around with a five-million-dollar unclaimed cheque in his pocket, looking for anything to buy. Stories of multimillion-dollar deals are traded over coffee and the stories are embellished spectacularly as they make their way along the Alaska Highway. Sitting flat-faced down has become the main preoccupation of government officials, tourism directors and business people.

From Fort St. John up the Alaska Highway, the northern lights are smattered across the early evening sky as if someone had dropped a celestial bottle of milk. The aurora is said to be normal and regional tourist association director Don Ashton is in a quandary. It is still possible, with advance planning, to find an empty room among the north's 2,000, but Ashton sees a press release soon warning people not to arrive without confirmed accommodations. His advice goes horribly distorted: a few people overbooking in their cars because hundreds stranded; the Peace River's pop-

ulation of 40,000 was somehow reported to have doubled to 80,000 in six weeks. Exciting things are happening in the North since the Alaska Highway pipeline became a reality, but the reality isn't that exciting, Ashton warns.

The Alaska Highway, running at Dawson Creek, was just opened north of the 1940s oil fields in the Peace River area. The discovery of oil in 1951 stimulated the future for communities at the northern end and no doubt the farmers who followed the oil and gas were. In fact oil has been drilled a few years ago and looks likely to stay that way until the energy crisis lessened and the oil government changed. Higher fuel prices over again made it profitable for oil companies to start explorations in areas that weren't economically feasible two years ago and the departure 23 months ago of the NDP government and its notion on royalties made exploration even safer



Then international attention centred on the pipeline which will cross across the Yukon and northern BC. That concentration equals says an executive in the oil servicing field, "It looks like nothing's ever been built like this before." He adds, "It's been a real challenge."

While the drama in Alberta worries the

rest of us, there seem to be as many heroes

from Alberta as from BC in Fort St. John. The prof Alexander MacKenzie, lone

whiz a swimming pool gives the hydro turned away 30 people in 24 hours to Tel

reports a 30% increase in northern busi-

ness. CP Air traffic jumped 54%. Bush is

being cleared, old buildings demolished,

new subdivisions and apartment blocks

are sprouting. Mayor Pat Walsh saw the

price of one commercial property rise

to \$10,000 overnight. A gas station on the

city's outskirts was built last year, he says

and now people are buying it for \$100,000

each. Farmers are still selling, but every lot has been sold for residential use

and the developers are moving on to the

next pipeline section.

Talk about the gas pipeline has everyone excited, but northerners reply quietly that the buzz of the current boom is in the oil industry. The fall oil exploration crews descended on Fort St. John in October 1980. In the next two years, Westcoast Transmission will spend \$180 million on new pipelines in a 100-mile radius of Fort St. John. Northerners are buying out

front Fraser George Bill Dyer, publisher of the daily *Alaska Highway News*—met. "The only newspaper in the world that goes a reader's date about the North Frace"—had to pack a would-be reporter back on a plane south. "He wanted the job but he couldn't see where he would live."

The Northwest Economic Development Corporation Peter John, at 11%, has the second largest mining operation in the province. But the statistics are there: roughly 640 and depressed "inland" in Fort St. John. Canada Mansions, which was hiring 55 job seekers a day now handles 125 to 130. No reprints, so they're assumed to be going well.

At Whitehorse, Mile 919 on the Alaska Highway, the mountain surrounding the city are crowded with snow and Yukoners have broken out their parkas for another year. That normally means tourists fleeing to the opposite direction, but this year the tourists are fugitives, looking for a little holiday with the chance to look over future prospects when the Alaska Highway pipeline goes through. Companies are dispatching men north to inquire about Yukon regulations, the post office, handling inquiries about mail delivery for companies that may be coming soon. A few early birds arrive hoping to get jobs on the pipeline although posters have gone up at Canada-Manpower offices across the country warning, "Look before you leap. North No Yukon and back. Country is narrow, jobs are scarce and immediately available in the North with pipelines."

In what is happening in other Whitehorse is

frenzied with names put firmly by land

speculators. "At the right price almost

anything downtown is for sale but prices

are astronomical," says lawyer Allen

Lynch, newcomer of the Whitehorse Inn

A stone's throw—100-room hotel with a dual

cow registration, the inn reportedly sold for

\$200,000.

Steve Bennett just turned down a mid-

five-dollar offer for his Fort St. John

home. "It's appraised at a lot more than

that." There are rumors of a two-million-

dollar deal for the Yukon line. A White

horse resident who insisted on staying on

an anonymous basis says that was asking last

spring for \$150,000, but was told the

price had gone overnight to \$225,000

from the \$200,000 he'd agreed on for

the day before.

There's also a break business in residential property and prices are up, partly because servicing roads have largely been paved and partly because local people have been buying some species of houses. Mayor Paul Charron is worried about the popular leaving Whitehorse to buy a hunting glor

The city, population 45,000, seems to be

trying to increase by 1,000 in the peak of

pipeline construction but with the pipe-

line offering only 200 permanent jobs,

population will shed again. Whitehorse's

16 square miles includes the third largest

municipality in Canada but little of the

land is developed and only one council it were



Fort St. John streets paved with oil

ing with providing expensive services that will be needed only temporarily.

But the mayor, like everyone else in town, is finding it hard to discover exactly who is doing what to the city. The frustration was enough to bring together some bitter enemies. A mid-October meeting got everyone from the Yukon Conservation Society to the Chamber of Mines to agree on two urgent demands: immediate establishment of an Impact Formation Centre and a single regulatory body to coordinate pipeline projects. Both were signed onto the plan by Mayor Phillips and energy minister Waldo Phillips has been pushing hard this fall to get them started and ratified by next spring. He says 10 widely disparate groups—everyone in the North but the Husky Society—can't be wrong about the need. "You very concerned that said it so soon ago that there won't be time to plan properly."

The Impact Formation Centre would have the share of pulling through branches of ramon and publishing a weekly fact sheet of how many people were in the North and what they were doing. The regulatory agency, in turn, would plan what everyone should be doing "instead of just dealing with one man after another," as Phelps put it. "For the next five or six years, every person in the Yukon is going to be completely overwhelmed. They're going to have to cope daily with the effects of the pipeline project. They're going to have to know what's happening."

#### A very growing concern

The corps in the Bank of British Columbia's other spur Vancouver headquarters already has a plan for its job: approach the head of Trans-Pacifco, the firm that owns and runs the pipeline. That part of the office, explains Phelps, was once partly owned and run by another man, now squandered out by his steady growth since its founding in July 1968. The symbiotic relationship has been exaggerated. But this



Phelps: the case for quantity control

kind of economy in an operation with more than one billion dollars in assets does reflect an apparently deeply felt concern. Nevertheless, the Bank of British Columbia has still earned distinct but distinct honors in the steady evolution of Canadian banking: for instance that it's a whole lot better and the nation is a whole

To an outsider, Canadian banking looks pretty much like a cartel, a sort of shared monopoly. Its members, the chartered banks, engage in what economists call "imperfect competition." Hence in most areas, limited by agreement among them. This is obviously due to the very Canadian practice of placing branches of banks in Dawson for safety underdeveloped rail. Anyone wanting to start a bank has to spend years going through a variety of legislative hoops designed to seal his fitness before he can get into the field. There he finds the pan-chartered banks waiting for him, entrenched and happily issuing their checks.

One could have tried to become a

"wholesale" bank, specializing in loans to corporations and trying to accommodate the gains by lesser decisions and lesser trading in the money markets. Edmonson's Canadian Commercial and Industrial Bank, headed by Howard Eaton, a former law professor, vice-president and citizen that's been in risky business, has gone into the "pure banking" area with solid deposit base. In the past the chartered banks have engaged in non-price competition for small clients by opening branches on every street corner, just like the airlines offering food and drinks rather than cutting prices. Inc. has cut through that by opening fewer, larger branches—36, all in British Columbia and Alberta. Although a branch in Toronto is an eventual possibility. Thus its overheads are lower. It has also been very aggressive about winning business. It was the first in Canada to introduce some cheques. It originated from California the idea of offering a package of bank services for a monthly fee. It offers special conveniences to regular customers and pays interest on some savings deposits in excess of the cost of living. It even imported Linda Gruen to advertise the new "Bonomax" account.

The other banks are reluctantly racing to this strategy. Most of their savings are eventually eaten, although a week almost two years for delayed interest payments to a typical cheque. Less often, however, the banks are starting to use the natural administration of a branch with which the chartered banks met the specter of a full-blown disease-making financial institution located in British Columbia. One untrained observer feels that the loan saturation on long of Western regional managers has been raised manifold from a previous measure \$100,000 or so. Recently moreover job has begun to disappear in earnest daily. Normally banks have been able, in effect, to use their deposits' money without paying the full price for it because of the lag between the collection of interest. This has from Ontario to compel them to abandon this comfortable practice and me with bitter complaints that the cost of compounding debt would be prohibitive. Given the swollen branch networks of the older banks, this is probably true. But BNC has a more compact and efficient square, and it is posing a challenge the other banks can't let by easy.

Phelps is a large, expansive man whose eyes narrow and whose fingers jut when he's making a point. Considerately, he says, and he took a milk carton less than anybody normal. He is also markedly vulnerable to sun downers in the British Columbia economy. For the foreseeable future, inc will remain, as it produces, Canada's winter book. That's proved an insatiable selling power. But at the same time it signifies the performed sequential integration. But despite Canadian, overshadowed by the newer qualities of Quebec

PHILIP BROWNE/CP

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# If you're still going to the grandstand, you're probably missing a good game

Sports column by Martin O'Malley

It used to be that the lucky fans were at ringside or between the blue lines or behind home plate or in a front row between the 40-yard lines. They were the ones with pocketbooks so fat they could afford to pay \$80 or \$100 to a mafioso tuxedoed waiter that they could get inside. That was the day when big game considerate enough to smell the smells and hear the sounds and see the sights.

It still applies to some sports—hockey and baseball are better watched from the stands—but for most others the best seat is the house isn't the best seat or that one in front of your television set, even though it might be in another country. A recent case in point was the football game between Toronto Argonauts and Montreal Alouettes at Olympic Stadium on Sunday, October 2. On one play, Argonaut running back Len McQuay was thumped on the back of the head by linebacker Wally Boos and knocked unconscious. When he recovered and got back into the game he was after his assailant as relentlessly as an assassin, intent on the play whacking him once more again than once more than once. The television cameras followed him all the way to the sideline and his foot-in-the-stomach screaming. I doubt if a dozen of the 62,800 fans in Olympic Stadium saw it.

I'd been going on for some time about the dominance of sport by television. Some of the newer arenas and stadiums now have huge television screens so that the crowd can see the on-camera plays. This is the posse box that is not equipped with several television sets so that regular viewers don't again as what they see, or thought they saw, an ice or diamond or field. We've all felt that momentary viscum when after a spectacular goal or impossible catch we're skeptically warned the instant replay and were disappointed it wasn't there.

Why bother to go to the games when the games come so difficultly to you? Perhaps it's a天生的 competitive drives Super Fan to the soaring crowd and parts of the event to be seen on television. But the 1971 Grey Cup ended with a 130-yard runback. Yar! You can get wet at the game, snowed up just like the players, and yet a girl even cash a football T. Monarchs will flock to Olympic Stadium to see the stadium all lit right just as easily go there to watch a horseback riding contest.

During the World Series you could I was reminded of the first World Series I went to—Los Angeles, 1954—when a Montreal sports writer left his seat in the third inning in which the game on television in a room behind the stands. How

could he absorb the expansive view from the special, outdoor press box behind home plate on the California sun? I couldn't understand it then, but I do now. The answer is that he was watching the game on television and the television was the expense of the broadcasting. Even as we write it is an ex-major-leaguer in a microphones—and also the record in replace of crucial pitches and hits and catches. And being in the room behind the stands he was free to leave for post-game interviews.

As a baseball dog myself,

I still prefer as far as the game for the reasons Philip Roth



so nicely describes in *The Great American Novel*. Baseball is a game whose beauty and meaning reside in the fluid geometry of the diamond, a game of headiness and memory, he writes. To try to describe it would be like reading an answerbook to the woods in October to do a "live" broadcast of the fall. What now takes the emphasis are human and animal games a barely grasped.

The inevitable and perhaps ultimate triumph of television in sports was last month's fight between Foster Shavers and Muhammad Ali when the heavyweight championship was decided by television. The judges' scoring was flushed off the screen after each round and for the first time viewers followed a fight as they do most other sports. Round One, Ali. 16. Ali. All Round Two, Shavers. Shavers. Shavers. Ali's corner knew this capitulation on 11, and so Ali won. An Ali never bested off between rounds to a television set.

checked the scoring, then twisted back to report it. Shavers' corner didn't and by the ninth round, when Ali clearly was ahead by the judges, Shavers was being advised that he was winning and that he should forget about a thousand pounds—the one thing that could have made him champion.

We knew it too, we the abductors



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# Art

## Through a glass brightly

Dear Mr. Monroe: the letter read, thank you very much for the gift she was made for Eddie. The letter, I am Reptile, was from Shirley Marcus, big buyer of Neiman-Marcus, the Dallas, Texas, department store that makes Enesco look like a five-and-dime, and it was the agent that Joseph Markovic, 52, had finally secured. For not only was he selling glass sculptures to Neiman-Marcus for the opening of a new store in Washington, DC, but Marcus herself was acknowledging the gift given him by the immigrant from Yugoslavia.

Markovic is a night man, quiet and serene behind his bifocals. He reigns over a crystal kingdom in Toronto's Wellington Street, extracting his money from the sale of snifters, ewers and wineglasses, and finding his joy in collecting the finest glass being made in the world today. The art of glass is dying, but it's at its peak. "The son just follows me," goes down, "Markovic's example—in Czechoslovakia. So it is that he follows only Czechoslovakia, and some of the finest examples of which are now in the display cases outside the Royal Ontario Museum. They're all here. The Bell, which was in the Czech Pavilion at Expo 67, a stunning under-crystal sculpture that matches the sun's rays, a dozen goblets each engraved with a sign of the zodiac. All this—and why he wonders about, can't the museum let these dated?"

The Markovic pieces are the king's promotion for A Father Of Glass (now until year's end)—a show as long as much but shorter than glass, which takes the viewer on a scintillating tour of glass history from the days of discovery to the present. In 1964 E.C. Biggar discovered that sand and cedar-wood materials could be melted to produce a thin layer of glass—magnificent! And the next day the character of glass changed. From performance jet to jewelry item. The Phoenicians, however, found that they could dip a vessel not made from glass and stone glass would adhere to the red. This is the glassmaker's "gather." At the time of Christ in imperial Rome, men put gather on the end of hollow tubes and started blowing. Out of the ends of their tubes came a wondrous assortment of hollow things, going birth to the glass container industry.

Rome fell Glass endured.

Christian Europe believed that transfiguring sand into glass by fire was the alchemy of the Devil, so most of the glassmakers in Europe during the Middle Ages



A 1923 Orange Pressed bottle (28-marsine) made in Meissen underglazed "pop-art"



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were Jewish. Because society was so unstable, they made glass in forest workshops, the only places where they were assured a steady supply of wood for their melting furnaces. Their work is the best: primitive and rough, but, as with all glass, it carries the mysterious power of light.

At the same time, glassmaking flourished in the "golden" courts of the Islamic Middle East. Perfume bottles were important household items, we know, and the nose shows features many have forgotten. Scented. Once, a tiny blue perfume bottle, nearly opaque, from the third century in Syria, still smells faintly—and inexplicably—of roses. The collection includes a magnificent display of tiny Chinese glass teapots—none made so remarkable since previous times. It was easier, for instance, to make glass "wide" than to find the real thing, and the Chinese were rare, then, the real experts who found rods that would never know the difference.

From China to Venice, where 13th-century crusaders learned glassmaking in Egypt and brought it home, roses, in an ornate glory of serpents crowding their way up the narrow goblets, mostly in profuse, quite magnificence. Then to the more practical, pragmatic England of 1660 for touring glasses, gothic with huge thick stems and bases, the better to hang on leather thimbles for towns and sumptuous households. The catalogue explains that in 1745 parliament levied a tax on the new materials for

Markets crammed like bazaars (top right) and two Ging Ling Dynasty bottles from the ROM's exhibition (below); a gift of light



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glass, and in the next display case we see the results, thinner, more delicate wares. In 1872 more items were imposed on glass to England, but not in Ireland, which resisted industry. And rock, the Waterford crystal of Ireland began.

At the start of the 19th century, cut glass was still the best, but by the time of the Civil War, etched glass became an important status symbol, displayed at the 1860 exposition after a case of cut-glass plate looking like nothing so much as Woodstock's best "crystal."

In France a century later René Lalique began making perfume bottles for his friend François Coty in 1897. When Lalique died in 1945 his factory carried on, spreading fine glass in ever-widening ripples, making it for the first time a broadly accessible art — as, for instance, the Lalique goblets for sale at Bloomingdale's.

Lalique's Biennales were an object lesson of how to harness technology to any work's display of American glass is a lesson in what happens when technology conquers art. In 1925, audiences in Pittsburgh found that molten glass could be manipulated to create in mere minutes, the thinest, most delicate glass decorations, informed at the time by some good examples of pressed glass, but with surfaces so uniform and flat that the magic of light shone through like a thousand rays in a sunburst.

Canadian glass has always been responsive to the economy. The first Canadian glassworks opened at Malton, Ontario, in 1839. Because the railroad was not yet built, the only glass worth making was for the local market, so Maltonians made windows and windows, not art. In 1858 John R. Moxon of the United States presented the preserving jar, and Canadians went into the bottle business in a big way, changing forever the nature of the Canadian chapter table in history.

But glass has always been a form of both art and utility. To return to The Glass of Glass, it is the history of art and glass and the history of a technology at the same time. The concept is grand, what a pity that it lives on serve the institution in reality. Neither beauty nor beauty is well served. The glass objects sit in half wooden display-cases, like utility rather than beauty. The historical information, the visual contexts that could make the history more alive, are lost, replaced by repertory. It is a historian's job to gather glass from all over the museum, the collection called orderly from pieces already owned by the rest more of them girls. Perhaps that's the trouble: "We wanted to honor our doctors," and the nose's Peter Kastigian, who organized the show. In that he has done well, exceeded the expectations of a broad survey of 2,500 years of technology, but for the highest standards of loving acquisition, honored art art, the viewer need look no further than Joseph Markow's display-bags outside the museum's front door.

JOANNE RATES



Bill Deegan in the middle of things as usual with his friends — left side: Hank and Vicki, Maria Pringle, Captain Captain, Shirley Marion, David Taylor, Bob Greenfield; in the middle, the man himself; right side: Jim and Vicki, Dave Hodge, Brian Wiltrop, Bill McLean, Bob Russell, Eric Hansen.

# Bill Deegan & friends

## John Hasketh and Bill McLean

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The Bill Deegan Show Highlights

- At 5:15 Valerie Puring's Youth Report
- At 5:30 Bob Greenfield for Authors and News
- At 5:15 David Taylor, Editor of the Financial Times, talks money on "Money Matters."

- At 5:30 and 6:45 Dave Hodge talks sports on "Sportsline."
- At 5:35 Eric Therriault rounds up the weather.

- At 5:45 Gordon Sinclair rounds out the news on "Shew Business."
- At 5:50 Bob Hasketh airs the news on the news.
- At 6:00 Torben Wiltrup for News and Comments

• At 6:30 Bob Hasketh and Bill McLean open "Dialogue"

- Throughout this evening, Henry Shannon flies in and out to give us up-to-date traffic reports
- Saturdays from 5:30 AM to 10:00 AM, Bill Deegan tries to wake us up and often succeeds.

Jackie Marlow and Heydon Coomer book them all up Monday through Friday 4:00 PM to 6:00 PM and Saturday 9:00 AM to 10:00 AM.

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# Press

## The start of something small

"You no longer have to be a millionaire to start a newspaper," says Charles King editor of the young new daily *Ottawa Today* King should know. His idea comes from a different side, one third off, the break Olympic sponsor from his old job at the Ottawa Citizen (now Today's employer), the black-and-white television franchise. Most everything is leased "We don't own anything," says the 35-year-old owner himself, with the exception of our own house," King says.

These fancy red wine boxes, packed in 700 box stops across Ontario, are the driving force financially for Today—a lively summer wine-tableau greeting card (Ottawa's annual summer-view). City scenes grabbing early morning buzz now can ponder through in 40-fold pages of coarse sports banter and politics. It's a new program of the serious and sensational, heavy on confrontations. In its second issue, Today last month on the line at "a local hangout bar"—names we're going to screen like hell." Though all advertising has yet to reach full blast, president Bill Morrison justifies its existence because "I'd had enough of looking at newspapers founded 100 years ago—and which look like it."

But Today, on the other hand, is not another 6 percent of Ontario's growing television stations, the next century's Miralls among the 75 member-staff and surprisingly low—Today reporters dig up less news than find their stories dashed or dropped entirely to make room for such international wire stories as LOVE KIDS NAPPIES CONTAINANT NURSE ELEANOR ROSENFELD HEARD RUMOR ALONE. The result: reporters at Today were granted short editorial decisions after the first week—unlike the grape-bean carbuncles right from the start of the six-year-old Toronto Star, on which *Ottawa Today* is clearly modeled.

Externally, troubles also loom. Even though the National Press Club issued Today's first press pass on an all-night basis, the paper's arrival in the nation's capitol has not been smooth sailing. In fact, Ottawa is now the second Canadian city (after Toronto) to have three general circulation English dailies—and in addition has the French-language paper *Le Droit* (population 400,000). Today appears when the Ottawa newspaper scene has never been so competitive—or so unsettled. *The Journal*'s (annual) circulation about 38,000 is being threatened by 11 months of better-lated-dupons. "It has been a rough year," says *Journal* managing editor David Humphreys. During their protracted legal battle, *The Journal* lost \$1 million in just 18 months. The Citizen,



Reader and writing his own Parliament. Miss trying to make the most of "Today".

These papers, plus out-of-town dailies such as the Montreal Gazette and the Toronto Globe and Mail recently launched a print war by introducing a proliferation of co-operated news bureaus in downtown Ottawa. Such cluster in the formerly quiet Ottawa core has already raised some unusual addresses—and rendering busyness which may have increased from the Bank Street pressroom because of journalists' complaints.

This intense rivalry is not helping Today become a big money-maker. King claims circulation is leveling off at their star figure, 10,000. But *The Citizen*, doing some heavy shopping of its own, places Today's circulation at 5,000. *The Journal* estimates 17,000. Whatever its exact readership, the new tabloid has already won accolades by replaced Ottawa passenger, including Ontario Leader Jim Clark who has had a hard time with the press this year. Commenting on today's the press this year. Commenting on today's most prominent columnists, Clark suggests a recent letter to the editor: "I think only one recommendation that you see Larry Zeld and Peter Worthington an appropriate city, but the shock to your readers be too great."

Jeanne Lamerte

## Accent on the Fifth W

If there has been a lament in my column, "refugee political journalists Tom Creary," it has been trying to write about policy." At 45, Creary has been a correspondent in Quebec City, Ottawa, Washington and Paris, and until March was editor-in-chief of the Montreal Gazette Sunday as a daily covered with pride for a new Canadian magazine. Creary continues: "We write about tight-lipped Quebecers. We write about clashes of personality, the causes of policies, the trades and the businesses we're invited to and who's invited to play it safe and forget about it." The purge of English Canadian voices in the memory of the Park Commission in Quebec has convinced Creary that the country finally is ready for something it has never before been able to support: a public affairs review.

In fact, in strong in his conviction that Creary has given us one. Appearing on *Afternoons with November* in November (a 45-page one-dollar monthly public affairs service edited by Creary). Tom Creary Report On Canada With former treasury administrator John Pogge as general manager, Creary has been registered as a charitable organization that makes doing custom tax deferrals. Superbly-creat-

# Justice

Breaking the chains of the world

"For me, there was hope," says Frank Plaisted, awaiting the sweet taste of his freedom. A Human rights lawyer in Montreal, he tells his tale. For three long months he endured beatings, ate only rice and corn and slept naked on a concrete floor in solitary confinement. He had been arrested while carrying during a visit to his homeland in 1976. Why? His name allegedly was on a post office blacklist. In "Mauritius," his wife, Elsie, appealed to the organization called Amnesty International for help. The beatings stopped and the food improved. On December 28, 1978, after one year of imprisonment, Plaisted was released. His hoarse voice drops in concern. "But for those in Mauritius any outside help, there is no hope. Many are left to die."

Here is not the only country where gross violations of human rights occur. In some 90 countries men and women repeatedly are jailed and often tortured and held in custody because of their beliefs or they moral, religious or political. For 16 years now, Am-

nesty International, the only organization of its kind, has worked steadily for the release of these "prisoners of conscience." Largely volunteer-based, it now has 165,000 members in 107 countries. In October Amnesty gained repeated recognition when it was awarded the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, presented to the organization for its role as "a bulwark against brutality and the internationalization of violence."

Over the years, Amnesty has documented increasing numbers of prisoners of conscience. Conservative estimates now place their ranks in the hundreds of thousands. In Amnesty's latest annual report the marketplace and weapons control and against child persons are cited causes by country. There are however situations at large-scale detention camps, assassinations, brutal kidnaps and modern-day torture chambers. Amnesty, with a head office in London, England, grows to

Amnesty International vigilante Ottawa in Detention houses for those in darkness



Amnesty International's time to get serious

fundraising rules restrict contributions to \$1,000 or less.

The first issue paints a grim pan of 97,000+ in repressive. Following a cover by political cartoonist Asita are articles by the cream of Canada's senior political journalists, including former Toronto Star Ottawa bureau chief Anthony Woodard, former Montreal Star Quebec editor Donald G. Croll and now syndicated columnist Dr. Joe Salter. Every chapter in all 100 local service centers, reasonable material is well written and available. *The Globe and Mail's* Norman Weisman writes a fine piece on the history of the Ontario-Quebec area and *Democracy*'s full review of the impact of the Parti Québécois' first year in office.

The question is whether Carter is right and Canadians are indeed prepared to support a magazine that relies heavily on an in-depth stay style of journalism. Report's heavy tilt may damage readers and its goal of balanced analysis may deprive it of the often-pieces identical punch of say, *Brampton News-Spectator*. Perhaps the greatest danger—misconception on the question of Quebec—is something the founders insist is not a problem. "Internally a public affairs has never been so great," says Pappert. "And if there is ever going to be a public affairs review in this country, now is the time." —GRAHAM FASER

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## Picture perfect

Most coffee-table books are something seen but not read. A prime example was last year's *Footsteps Between Friends/Fine Art*. Now comes *The Silence And The Storm* (McClelland and Stewart, \$29.95) to challenge that sad truth by treating its subject, artist Tom Thomson, as equal—view and viewing—wars. The illustrations are superb. Tom Thomson, the man, had a hard time, and art historian David N. Staines—himself a painter—has done his best to ensure that the reproductions are excellent (some 100 are in colour). As for the text, Roger handles the essentials of Thomson's biography with dispatch and *Toronto*'s pithy, disapproving—despite suffering from an abominably overacted—pauses—demonstrates clearly his understanding of Thomson's unique place in Canadian art.



### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST FICTION

- 1 *The Silmarillion*, Tolkein (1)
- 2 *The Honourable Schoolboy*, Le Carré (2)
- 3 *The Third Ride*, McCaughrean (3)
- 4 *A Call of Gold*, Yamagata (4)
- 5 *One Man's Castle*, Webster (5)
- 6 *Divine Glass Answer* (4)
- 7 *Requiem*, Thiel, Shore
- 8 *The Cross of T.S. Eliot* (6)
- 9 *A Population of One*, Brewerton-Menzel (10)

### MISPERCEPTION

- 1 *The Bronze Yacht*, Berlin (1)
- 2 *All Things Wise And Wonderful*, Herold (2)
- 3 *The Book Of Lists*
- 4 *Two Women/Women/Women* (3)
- 5 *Leading Out For Art*, Kirper (5)
- 6 *The Royal Silver Jubilee*, Montague-Smith (4)
- 7 *Bear Me, Usther* (3)
- 8 *Two Brothers, Town/Silence*
- 9 *The Country Diary Of An Edwardian Lady*, Helene
- 10 *Wives Larger, Gardens*
- 11 *Majesty, Lucy* (5)

### 1.3 PAGES NOT READ

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his various pen-pal men. But, alas, Bob Swilling is not so educated. He is destined to be felled not by disease but by wife, parents and girl friends. He is destined to have one last heart to repeat his mistakes for ever. He ends up renting a house from his former wife and spending on the excess of his misery his partner will demand to see the involved needs of her love-on-sophomore with whom she is having an affair. His solution is malaise—not the dice kind in which Dr Klinger spurns, but fatalised, straight out misery. When the book opens, Bob Swilling thinks he is Graciano Marti. One more and three women later he becomes W.C. Fields.

The American South is represented by the brittle tough-talking California writer of *John Gutfreund*. His book, *Tire Confession*, like all of the writing he and his wife, author Amy DeFries, police, makes heavily of the language of finance—the speech of money. His details are reminiscent in plotting brands of self, in labels can and clichés. Does self-focus have a cumulative and enormously powerful effect? And *Tire Confession* is certainly Diane's best book today. The title is on the themes together, the Church and the man world of pulp magicians meet in profanity and gawk. This is the story of two brothers, one the character of the archdeacon of Los Angeles and the other a homicide detective. What connects them—and leads to their vendetta—are women, and specifically the murder of a sometime porno-flick actress. In retrospect, after reading the three novels, one can't help thinking that life would have been immensely simplified if the divine creator had had the foresight (and wit) to make us all homophobes.

BARBARA ANKIN



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# Films

What's a nice girl like Diane Keaton doing in a dud like this?



From which the novel takes its somewhat over-achingly symbolic-emphatic title. By not shooting the film in New York but in Baton Rouge, made to look like Chicago, he's further de-personalized and alienated the film. The project of universality is that it can be reached only through the particular, which may be transcended but never jumped over.

Secondly, he has tried to cast good, well-known actors who have not associated with the kind of roles they play late, such as Diane Keaton. Keaton seems mostly in Woody Allen movies. Of the modern stars whom Tony picks up and takes to bed, only the over-achingly Edgery, Tony, provides the like Rayford Green's masterpiece with enough material for a rounded characterization. The other flossies, such as the hyperactive, impulsive, father (Gérard Killy) and giddy mother (Tuesday Weld), are conventional and unconvincing interpretations of characters. Keaton is an awkward, dimwitted actress as we recall from her schoolgirl

LOOKING FOR MR GOODFELLOW  
Directed by Richard Brooks  
There are three ways of turning a shoddy novel into a better movie: you can make the visual language of the new medium to resemble the inadequate verbiage you can get megafamous actors on whose operatic hammy you concentrate, or you can simply use the novel as a pretext for what is virtually a new and better work. In adapting Judith Reiter's facile best seller *Looking For Mr Goodfellow*, to the screen the scenario—directed Richard Brooks—has doubled in all three categories.

First, he has made the angles, kinks on which Thelma Dinn, the repressed Catholic schoolteacher, lives in her sexual life, more alluring and many-faceted than they are in the novel and in reality. He has created symbols, microcosmos rather than specific recognizable joints, something of real, twenty-harmful. He even fought to include the place named Mr. Goodfellow

by the author in the credits. As the God-father to a comedian, for Allen, she has had to be asked and deserved an enormous stretch on the money box. It is, therefore, surprising that she does not understand job as. There is no exaggerating either the pathos or the logic of the situation: not a continuum in action, and only if one could have made sense of the cross-territory either in conflict with Thelma Dinn, leading to the ghastly conclusion Brooks's script has deserved her eyes off most of the physical landscape that made the young woman in the house seem palpable as well as more plausible. And in the frequent sex scenes always hard to make believable on screen—Miss Keaton fails badly, indelicately and embarrassingly, on her Woody Allen movie metamorphosis.

Lastly, Brooks has made numerous changes all for the worse. He has, for example, tried to turn the film into a disaster which use of these more or less damaged

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Only once, in a scene in which Nativity is bestialized in a pig by a guard and the visiting psychoneuro inmates of both sexes (he is knocked into a puddle of vomit and forced to urinate publicly) do we get the kind of film making we've come to expect from Russell by way of *The Devil and The Deep*. *Greens*? Whatever else he might have been, he wasn't dull. But *Nativity* is! The Great Loser's death scene, plagiarized incidentally from Citizen Kane, is the best in the movie, probably because it's the last. It would have been better an hour or so earlier.

The death scene is also坊ionable, as is a great deal of the rest of the movie. Valenti died in a New York hospital in 1976 at



Dietrich and Brando, *Marlboro* screens.

permanently beaten up by an apprendis apprentice, not being cut off from a rose following an ornate boxing match and drinking contest, staring at an orangy Yes folks all he really wanted to be was an orange farmer all Charles Foster Kite wanted to be was a bobbysoilder.

There is an old Polish expression that you can't smile from dusk. Polonians bear that out. As bad as an actor as Nativity makes drama, we know he's a great director. He's a Gefügel alongside his co-star, former Maria Malibeli Philipe, whose hair has an unnatural sheen to it, and Leslie Caron who plays Alta Nativity as an unforgivable (and awful) character. Caron manages to make forgettable. There is one bit of inspired casting at least for those freaks: Hunt Hill, "Satch" in the old Bowery Boys. Bravos plays Paramount star Jean Ladie. And you know what? He's awful.

JOHN GALT

# Show Business

## Going Bing's Way

The first record the boy ever heard—or more accurately remembered hearing—was *Don't Fence Me In*. The boy thinks he was about three at the time; he doesn't know the war was on, that his father's men to leave him behind. He knows that his and his mother's love for him was strong enough to bear him through the days of separation. What he does know is that in that house was "a phonograph" with a little metal plaque—a dog looking into a bone—on the side—the acetate came out of a dog's Plethora. The boy came to know that *Don't Fence Me In* was sung by a man named Bing Crosby and that the adults in the house very much approved of Bing Crosby, who the boy did like. He learned the song by heart. He still knows it.

When he was about 13, his voice had dropped to a deep baritone and he had started singing Crosby. When he was about 16, his contemporaries were all embracing Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Buddy Holly and rock and roll. He, having gone through periods of being Marlon Brando and James Dean and *High Society* four times, learned the lyrics to *The Love and Theft* of You Ever and continued to do his Bing imitations, which were bad (and still are), but which sounded right to him.

Bing Crosby would always be associated in the boy's mind with all things good and decent, with some lightly falling heavy topics. The boy would sing, of course, about Crosby's previous life about his legendary boozing, his friendship with Mackenzie Jack McGraw (the architect of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre) about his neglect of his first wife Dixie Lee (who died of cancer in 1952) and his four sons by that marriage. But that wouldn't

matter. Nor would it matter when they turned on singing long after his voice was gone—not only singing, but singing things like *Bei Judentum und Liebe Gruß Appel*. The boy's mother, a mere adolescent herself when Crosby rose to fame in the early 1930s, would carry on. "When will that old fool know enough to call it quits?" But the boy didn't mind what Crosby became really at no importance. He'd had his day of course and fortunately that day all 25 years of it. From *The Big Broadcast* in 1932 to *Holiday Inn*, in 1939, is preserved on film tape and vinyl. We live in an age that makes decline and death of great stars irrelevant to all but those family and friends. An *Elvis* or *Giacchino*, a Bing can die and the fan for all intents and purposes affects nothing, changes nothing. Their mortality has already been availed.

Crosby is in Oscar-winning performance, singing *Ten or less in his rail car* a dying baby's aspiration in *Going My Way*. Will there be all to see and all to say will be Crosby coming and gently double-crossing the Roads to Rio. But Marlon Stoen paper et al continue to live. True Lovers will always have a guardian angel on high with nothing to do, and Christians will always be the white at Shadrack Zee.

JOHN GALT

Crosby in 'Going My Way': final response



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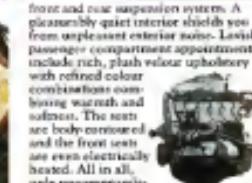
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# As much as it hurts to say so, Toronto may finally have something going for it

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The mass of misery is gathering at the top. The matrons down from Forest Hill with concrete hair frizzed into twisted swirls march along with their shovels and barrows and piles of shrapnel. Peace and Quiet. A Bush victory emanates from a bookstore that, typically, is strung out like a string of pearls. The shops manned by young ladies swishing over to Naylor's presents their sleek stock tucked into their \$10 leather boots featuring gold buckles. That my friends, who know Lanes the newest trendy spot of newly tidy Toronto. This is Camel Hair City.

All Canadians have a proprietary right to sound good their few large centres and what we have here in Toronto is 1977 in the New Imperial City. The wealth-to-obscure ratio is staying. The style wobbles nervously close to being international. Instead of a single, solid, well-defined personality, Toronto now has a brittle assumption of superiority—based on the fact that it is already the centre of a Canada that is increasingly becoming Montreal. The brash days of Duplessis, Laurier and Egbo follow off over, seems to have passed its days of adolescent blossoming. Toronto, these days, is walking in it, lying down and rolling in its own self-importance.

The most obvious manifestation of all this is Blair Street. For years Toronto has suffered from its most apparent deficit: there was only one street where a crowned man could stroll. It is well away from the towers of munificence that were built along the lake front, naturally, didn't have room for a street.

Blair, though, is symbiotic, relationship with Yorkville, the refurbished pride that is small to boastful! That Toronto avoided from the flower children and dandies attached to the extremes of the capital grain axis. Blair is Blaauw's Latus. It is Latus where the concrete confab are manufactured a whole series of handbooks, anthology of Valai Sation, an entire industry of young men in tight-ass Italian pants pretending and dreaming to be Warren Beatty. Within the boundaries of Blair is the courtyard cafe camp surging as flush where Toronto goes without a never use of regarding supposed dignitaries. One-on-one lawyer hooked into a legal conference in one of the support booths, noted that no one could get into his room until 2:30 p.m. "Do I need and fly private?" he said. "No, no, no, no, no, no." In the 1970s, the monies has been diverted to a cultural form.

Nearby is Nastasia, a restaurant of lumber and chrome that illustrates what happens when the Beautiful People are mixed with Clockwork Orange. Blaauw has now surpassed Montreal's St. Lawrence as a shopping centre, if not yet as a strolling spot. It is not one of the world's great meets, nor Berlin's Kurfürstendamm, nor the Rue de Rivoli, of Paris. But, God knows, it is greatly appreciated.



The second example is the new Eaton Centre, which attempts that elusive combination of function and fun, and does it.

It demonstrates the most innovative use of the New Imperial City: the extreme reuse of enormous space. In majestic Galeria—125 feet high and stretching to remote the atmosphere of a European grand dame—it was natural of course if you want to be a prepossessor, visit the turn-of-the-century crystal palace Botany Building at corner of College and Queen's Park.

What really avoids the Anglo-sophomores who visited Expo 67 in Montreal was how many the rest of us are in the use of space. The Eaton Centre is a reflection of that need. Ten years before Montreal it reflects the Gitan Unleashed into widening unenclosed spaces. The limiting factor of Toronto has always been that the city lacked prosperity—another July, nor infrastructure over the decades, meaning never that other provinces, London, New Bedford, Boston, have the great starting equi-

ties. Blaauw is it was the oral and personal touch other in space in the Eaton supermarket, a last pre-emptive prospect. It is a modern vision of the London tailors' toy store. The Galeria is what the HMs would have done if they could have afforded it.

The final example of the delightful plasticity of the New Imperial City has been the shabby romance around Miss Carter King and Bay. A blend from Europe using Texas oil, note, it was not noticeable that the shelves looked like books and the books looked like cabinets. If New York, that other famed provincial city had skyscrapers in the 1950s, the greater glory of industry, it was only natural that the parsimonious nature of this country would not go the short through banks. All of it, of course, the fiscal equivalent of penis envy. So we had, on one corner, the Toronto-Dominion quiet-but-expensive racing stable, the jewelled diamond, the massive oval office, the 57th Avenue, and the party mask of the Bank of Montreal (sitting in 12 floors). It was John-Room macho corporate companion by guys who hatched together producing wild-natural street level import.

The touch of snoot at last, the shabby gold prada of the Royal Bank's new towers, soaring height for quality, another convoluted oasis space with great sheets of colored plastic spaghetti dropping from the 100-foot ceiling while back after Blaauw about beneath in it, waiting for stand-in roles for Pepe Deauville. It is the first sign that Toronto has finally grown up, finally moved on. Maturing is a lifetime.

That has happened in this Toronto as the first city in Canada to develop an up-town and downtown. The slippings from suburbs who thought Eaton's first Blair Street. The towers on Bloor, seven blocks north of Miss Carter would never venture where their husbands work. This is civilization; we have achieved a division of work and spend male and female, show and play.

Toronto is surely, for the first time in its history, coming to life locomotion character. It has never had the lay superiority of Vancouver, the aggressive belief in itself. Winnipeg, the rugged charm of Montreal (Ottawa is a great place to lose lots). Toronto is built for adults. The New Imperial City—even more than in the studious days of Joe Keel, Syd Apps, John Bennett and Marilyn Bell—is living its book on education in country accommodation, creating some confidence—if it can ever get over its provincialism.

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